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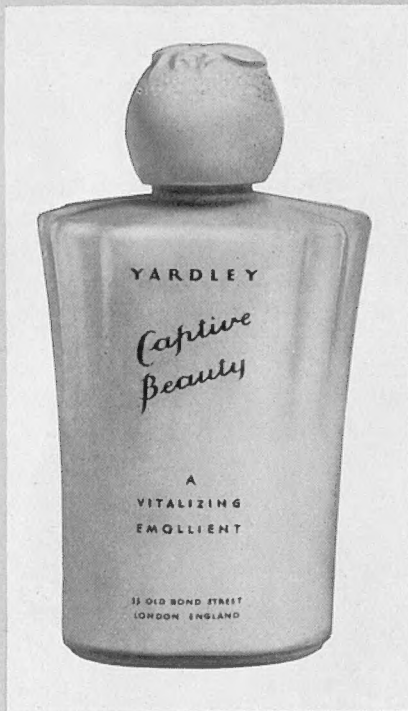
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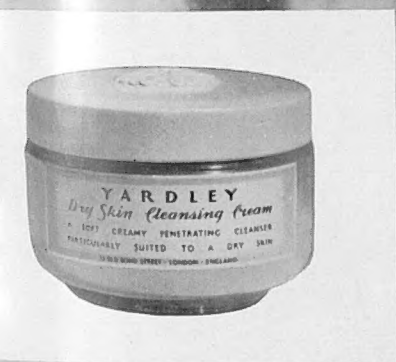
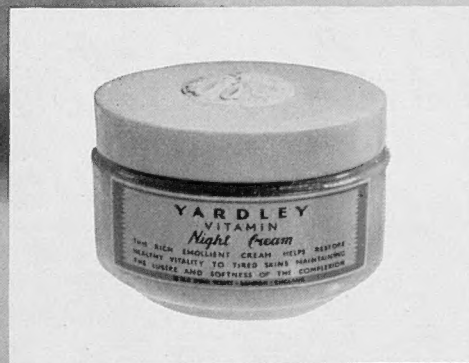
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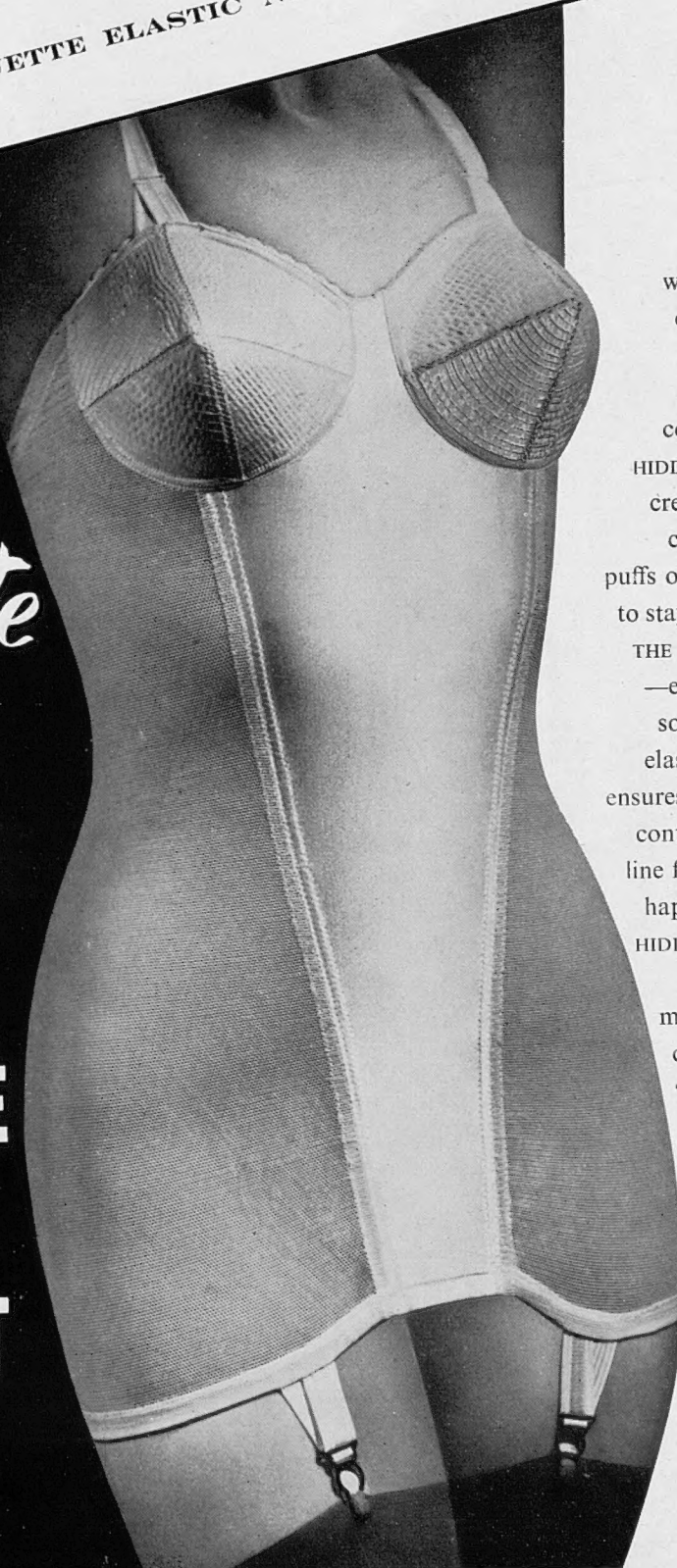
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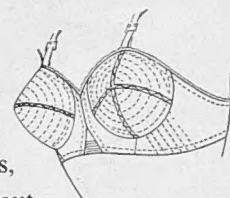
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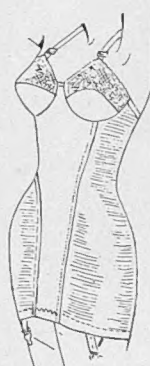


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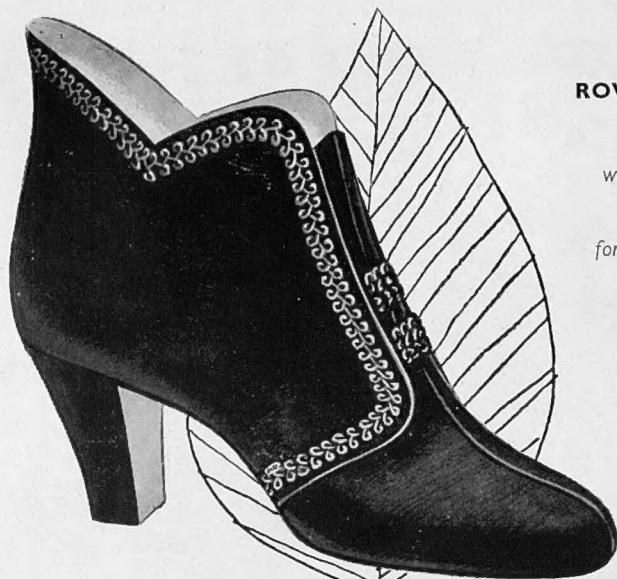
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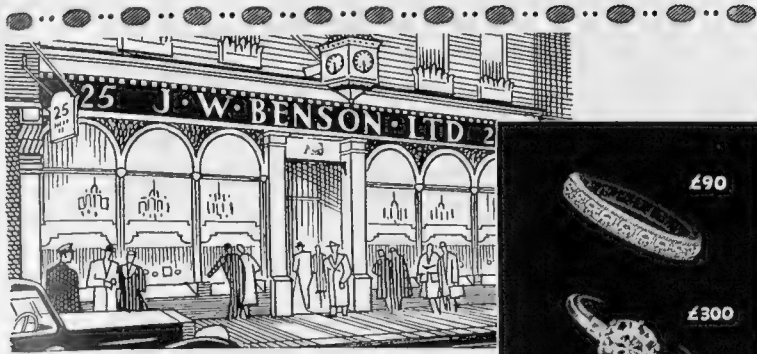
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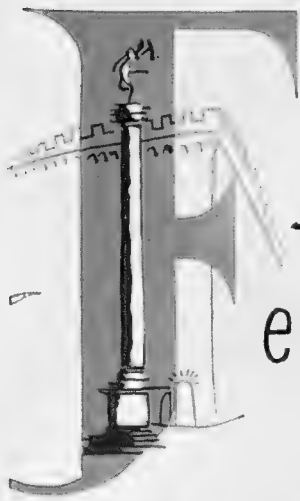
'Editor'

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Right—BAUME
with luminous figures.
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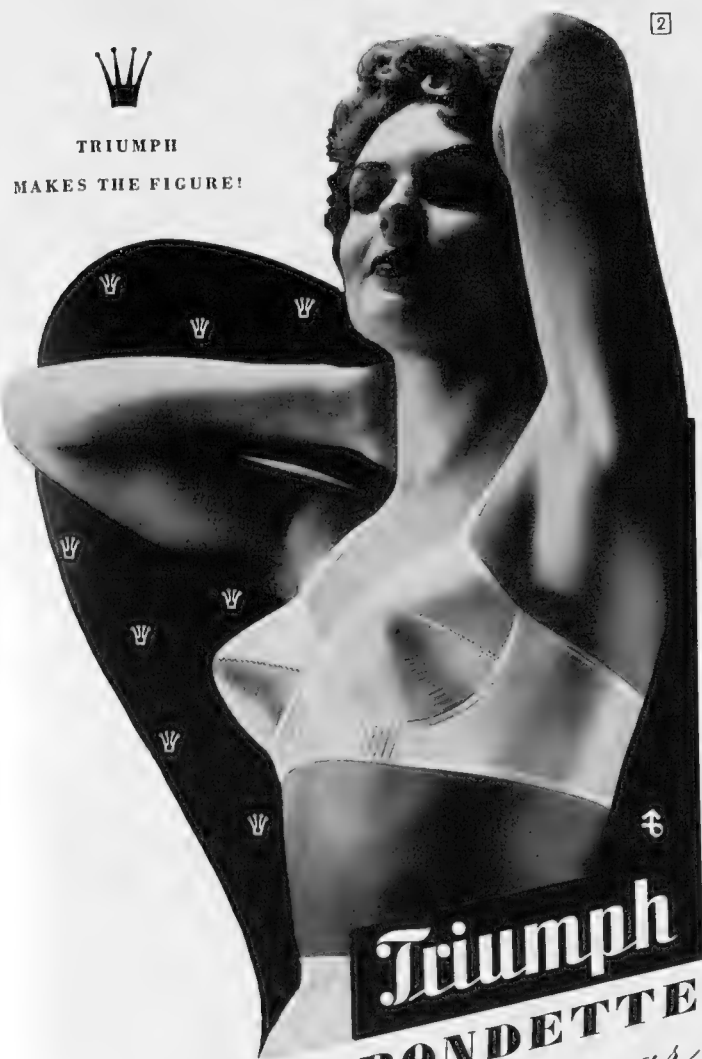
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Right—BAUME
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Left—LONGINES
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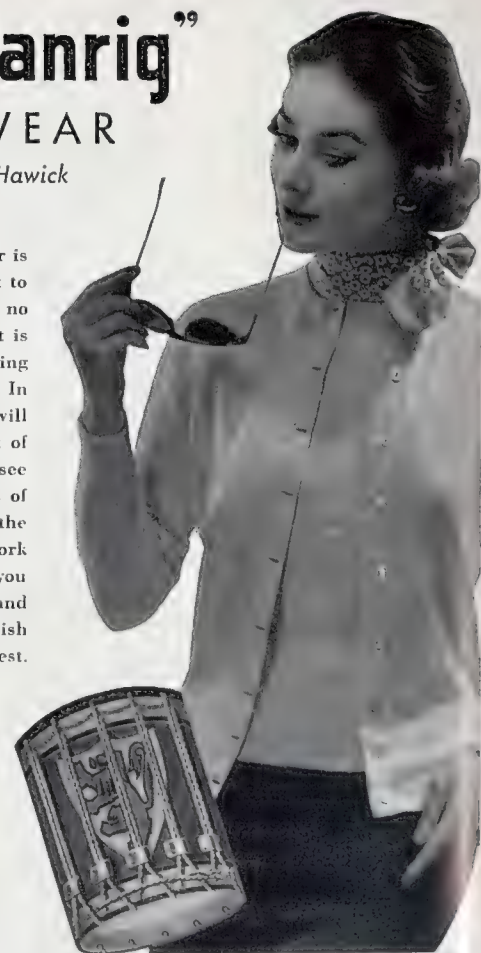
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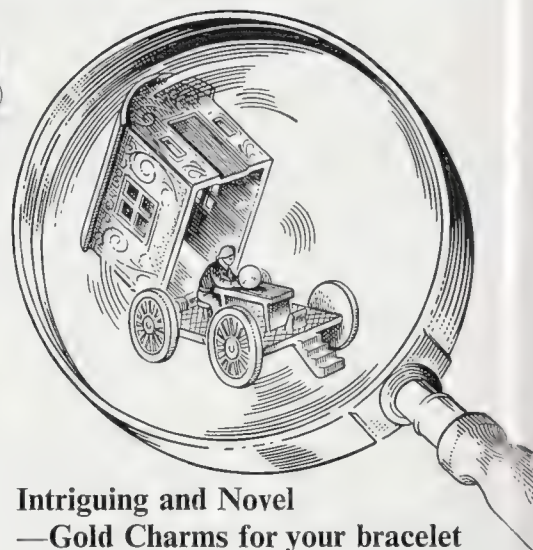
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OCT. 27

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Gabor Denes

INDIAN SUMMER PLEASURES

THE Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken and her children, Maxwell aged three and Laura aged one, spend a sunny afternoon in their garden at Wellbottom Cottage, Givons Grove, Leatherhead. Before her marriage to the Hon. Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., she was Miss Violet de Trafford, daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, M.C., the fourteenth baronet. Her husband is the son of Lord Beaverbrook



THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh arriving at the Ethiopian Embassy for the private dinner party given by the Emperor of Ethiopia during his highly successful visit to Britain

Social Journal

Jennifer

LORD BETHELL'S DAUGHTER MARRIED

AFTER the wedding service in the Church of St. Francis, Ascot, when Mr. Peter Moncreiff Brown was married to the Hon. Jennifer Bethell, Nuptial Mass was most beautifully sung by nuns from St. Mary's Convent, Ascot, where the bride had been at school. This was the first time they had sung outside their own chapel at the convent and their pure, sweet voices were a joy to listen to. The church was decorated entirely with dahlias which were most effective.

The bride, who was given away by her

father Lord Bethell, looked charming in a full-skirted embroidered white tulle dress and a short tulle veil. She was attended by two older bridesmaids, her sister the Hon. Patricia Bethell and Miss Margaret Oakes who wore red velvet boleros over their white tulle dresses and red and white flowers in their hair. The two child bridesmaids, Caroline Bevan, cousin of the bride, and Philippa Whelpton, in white organza and tulle dresses with red sashes, wore also red and white flowers in their hair.

Many of the guests walked to the reception which was held at the home of the bride's mother quite near the church. Here the

bride's parents, Lord Bethell and Veronica Lady Bethell, the latter in a blue printed silk suit and little hat to match, received the guests with the bridegroom's stepfather and mother, Col. and Mrs. Lane.

MEMBERS of the family present included the bride's grandfather the Hon. Sir James Connolly, and her grandmother the Dowager Lady Bethell who, wearing a mink coat and a black hat trimmed with a paradise plume, had come up from her home at Hove for the wedding. Her aunts, including Mrs. Archie Bevan, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Macalpine, the Hon. Mrs. Fred Parsons

and the Hon. Mrs. Clive Martyn, were there, and also her uncle the Hon. William Bethell. The bridegroom's only sister Miss Valerie Brown was present, also four of his business partners on the Stock Exchange, Mr. Sidney Simon, Mr. T. Wilson Stephens and his wife, Mr. Peter French Davis and Mr. B. S. Moore.

The Hon. Mrs. Marion Hubbard and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Buckmaster came to wish the young couple happiness, as did Mr. John Poland who was best man, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth, the latter wearing a small peacock blue hat with her black coat, and Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Storey.

The bride's uncle Mr. Archie Bevan proposed the health and happiness of the bride and bridegroom to which the latter replied with a few amusing remarks.

I think everyone present wished this couple happiness, perhaps more deeply than usual, as they had shared a sorrow. The bridegroom first married Jennifer's best friend at school, Miss Johann Brown, and Jennifer was bridesmaid at their wedding. His wife, still only a girl, died about a year ago and left two very young children, who now will have a mother's love and care from someone who had known and loved their own mother since childhood.

* * *

I WENT down to watch the quarter finals of the Worpleston Foursomes which, as always, were held in perfect weather. This very popular invitation golf meeting, open to men with a handicap of five and under, and women eight and under, had an excellent entry of ninety-three couples, including many international players. Among these were Miss Frances Stephens, the British Open Amateur Champion, English Close Champion, and a Curtis Cup player, who, partnered by W. A. Slark, the English International, eventually won the competition. Perhaps our finest woman golfer today, Miss Stephens had already won the Worpleston Foursomes in 1949 and 1950. On each of these occasions she was partnered by Mr. Leonard Crawley who this year partnered Miss Jeanne Bisgood, who had recently also been to America and Canada with the Curtis Cup team.

I met Mrs. J. B. Beck, the very charming captain of our Curtis Cup team, who was walking round watching the matches, and looking very neat in a light green tweed suit and dark green beret. In the morning I watched a few holes of several matches, including that of the Marchioness of Northampton and her cousin Mr. Robert O'Brien, a Cambridge Blue, against Mrs. W. N. Crow, the South-West Champion, and H. C. Neilson, which the latter pair won by one hole. Lady Northampton who wore a blue twin-set with dark trousers, only began playing golf two years ago on the Mid-Ocean course in Bermuda where she was coached by Archie Compston.

SOME splendid golf was played that morning during the match in which the eventual runners-up, Miss J. S. McIntyre and Philip Scrutton, defeated Sir John Cradock Hartopp and his sister Mrs. J. S. F. Morrison by two holes. Other matches I caught a glimpse of in the very big crowd were between the French champion Mlle. Odette Semelaigne, partnered by W. R. Alexander, last year's Cambridge captain, who beat Miss E. Johnstone and J. R. Thornhill two and one, also the match in which Mrs. B. Singleton and W. D. Smith played Mrs. C. Abrahams and Dru Montagu.

After lunch we watched Miss J. McIntyre and Philip Scrutton play more very good golf when beating Mrs. W. C. Ritchie and Dr. J. Park. Another exciting match was when Miss Jacqueline Gordon and R. G. Knipe met the popular young pair Mlle. Semelaigne and

Alexander. The latter pair played some excellent golf to get the lead of three up at the 13th, but their older and more experienced opponents were too steady and, quietly revelling in the hard fight, eventually turned the tables to win by one hole on the 18th green.

Other competitors, some of whom I met during my very enjoyable day in the sunshine on these pleasant Surrey links, were Miss Elizabeth Price who had been runner-up to Miss Stephens in both the British Open Amateur Championship and English Close Championship, Miss Jeannette Robertson, and Mrs. R. T. Peel who had all just returned after representing Great Britain in America. Also Miss Jean Donald who told me she was off to Australia and South Africa in the spring on behalf of the sports firm for which she now works, Mr. Gerald Micklem and Miss Molly Gourlay who was among his guests for the week—she won this competition in 1929, 1930 and 1934—and Col. A. A. Duncan and his wife who were beaten by the holders Miss Gordon and R. G. Knipe in the second round. Col. Duncan, who is in the Welsh Guards, was captain of our Walker Cup team in America in 1953 and this year is one of the selectors.

MOTHER and son partnership in the competition numbered three. Mrs. W. Frame and David Frame were defeated by Miss Elizabeth Price and R. K. Pitamber, a Cambridge Blue, in the first round, Mrs. A. P. Bristowe and Gerald Bristowe reached the third round and were only beaten at the 19th by Mrs. D. van Oss and G. T. Duncan, and Mrs. Tom Adams and John Adams lost to Mrs. G. T. Wilkins and A. A. McNair in the second round. Mrs. Adams and her husband, who have a delightful house near the 12th green, had Miss Joy Winn, runner-up of this event in 1924, staying with them for the meeting, also Sir Basil and Lady Eddis who were both watching the matches each day.

Others I saw watching the golf that afternoon were Miss Wanda Morgan who won these foursomes partnered by Eustace Storey in 1948, Mrs. Robin Todhunter with her son Tim, who is just back from Singapore where he served with the R.N.V.R., and her daughter Mrs. Philip Scrutton, Col. and Mrs. Hulme Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Milligan, Mr. Henry Longhurst, Mrs. Critchley, for many years one of our top women golfers, Mr. Maurice Allom, Mrs. Alan Milne, Mrs. Dennis Russel and her daughter Sally with Miss Mary Terry and Miss Janet Illingworth. Pictures of the Foursomes will be found on page 236.

* * *

THE Infanta Maria Cristina, Countess Marone, with her fair hair glistening and looking very chic in a black dress and beautiful pearls, was enjoying meeting many close friends and relations at a party given by Mr. Edward Voules during her recent visit here. It took place at the May Fair Hotel in part of the ballroom which had been cleverly curtained off. The Infanta's uncle, the Marquess of Carisbrooke, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke came to the party and stayed on for the informal fork supper later.

Early arrivals were Prince and Princess Frederick of Prussia who are old friends of the Infanta's, and were delighted to see her, the Spanish Ambassador, and the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer who like several of the guests had to leave early for a première. The Earl and Countess of Selkirk were there—he arrived rather late as he had to fulfil an official engagement—also Elizabeth Countess of Bandon, Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell, Lady Veronica Hussey, Earl St.

[Continued overleaf]



Lord Swinfen, host at the party, chatted to Lady Victor Paget, who drank to the success of the forthcoming Trafalgar Fair



Mrs. Leslie Slot, Mrs. Bertie Henly and Mrs. Paul Sherwood brought new ideas for the Fair, which is in aid of the British Sailors' Society



TO THE TRAFALGAR FAIR final committee meeting, held at the Boltons, S.W., came Mrs. M. A. Wall, Mrs. R. Panton-Wells and the Hon. Mrs. K. Suenson-Taylor

Gabor Denes



Miss Margaret Oakes, Philippa Whelpton, Caroline Bevan and the Hon. Patricia Bethell, attired in red and white, were bridesmaids, and Mr. J. Poland was best man



The bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff Brown, cut their wedding cake with the help of the youngest bridesmaid, Philippa Whelpton. After the reception they left for their honeymoon in North Africa

Continuing The Social Journal

The Infanta Met Her London Friends

Aldwyn, the Countess of Listowel, her brother and sister-in-law Mr. and Mrs. de Marffy-Mantuano, and her daughter Lady Deirdre Hare with her fiancé Lord Grantley who are planning to get married in January. Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, the latter very pretty in grey lace, both came to the party. They are, I hear, in the process of moving back into the family seat, Penn House at Amersham.

The Infanta, who resembles her beautiful mother ex-Queen Ena of Spain, as many friends were remarking, brought her step-daughter, Miss Consuelo Marone, to London with her, who is staying on to take a secretarial course here. At the party she was soon the centre of a group of young friends including Miss Belinda Firbank, Lady Jennifer Bernard, Lord Carnegie and the Earl of Brecknock, who later with many of the other guests enjoyed the delicious fork supper which Mr. Voules had arranged of *chicken à la King* and hamburgers, which was laid out in an alcove. Ann de Nys, who had played the piano at the beginning of the party, returned to play for an hour during coffee at the end of supper.

★ ★ ★

DOWNSIDE Beagles Hunt Ball, held at Stanhope Gate, was a very gay and happy affair. Quite ninety per cent of the guests were under, or in, their early twenties, and were dancing Charlestons, Scottish reels and modern dances merrily until the early hours, with very little pause. One of the committee largely responsible for the huge success of the evening was Mr. Vincent Poklewski-Koziell who worked indefatigably both before and at the ball.

The two joint-Masters of the Beagles, Mr. R. C. Beale who has now left school, and Mr. Anthony Rikeard who is at Downside,

were present at the ball, also the first and second whippers-in Mr. Lawrence Williams and Mr. Paul Penfold. I was very interested to hear from the Rev. Cedfrid O'Hara, who takes a keen interest in the pack, that the boys manage it themselves, built the kennels, work out the breeding, walk the puppies at home in the holidays, and now have a splendid pack of about twenty couples which hunt exceptionally well.

The event was organized, as in other years, to raise money to keep the pack going.

AMONG those I met at the ball were Sir Charles and Lady Russell—the latter was chairman—Sir Edmund Paston-Bedingfeld, and Major and Mrs. Philip Digby-Jones, whose son Kenelm, now in Southern Rhodesia, was joint-Master of the Beagles at Downside when he was there about five years ago. He

induced his parents to lend their home, which was then in Cadogan Gardens, for the first Downside Beagles Ball. Major and Mrs. Digby-Jones brought a party of twenty young friends including her pretty god-daughter Miss Belinda Vaughan, Mr. Roger Gibbs, Mr. Peter Kirkpatrick, son of Sir Ivone and Lady Kirkpatrick, Miss Clare Campbell and Miss Belinda Young with her fiancé Mr. Michael Egerton Warburton who are planning a February wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle brought a young party, among whom were their daughter Carina looking very attractive in deep pink lace, Miss Sally Clive and Mr. Jeremy Pinckney. Other young people I saw dancing were Miss Imogen Micklethwaite, Miss Fanny Argentini, Mr. Gerry Albertini, Miss Mary-Anne Berry and Mr. Peter Glossop.

Photographs of the ball are on page 235.

★ ★ ★



Rosemary Macindoe

JOANNA BRIDGE, the infant daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Bridge, slept peacefully after her christening at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Her mother is the second daughter of Lord Brand

IWENT for a short time to a party given at Claridge's by Sir Alexander Korda and the directors of London Film Productions, to meet Señor Raul Apold, Secretary of State for Information of the Argentine Republic, and his charming wife who were over here on a visit. The party was given to show Sir Alexander's appreciation of all the kindness and hospitality his film associates have received in the Argentine. Lady Korda, very pretty in black, was having a long talk to the guest of honour and the Spanish Ambassador who came along early. The Argentine Ambassador arrived a little later and others there to meet this charming and interesting Argentine couple and his sister-in-law Señorita Thérèse Goldkuhl were the Argentine Minister Señor Don Escalante Posse and his wife, Lady Reed whose husband Sir Carol Reed is one of our finest film producers, Sir Charles Hambro, Sir Robert Hall, Mrs. Marie-Luisa Arnold, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Zamora both in great form and very fit after a holiday in sunny Spain.

The stage was represented by Dorothy Tutin, Peggy Cummins and Moira Lister whose fine performance in a play on television earlier that week has been a topic of con-

RED AND WHITE ASCOT WEDDING

AT St. Francis' Church, Ascot, Mr. Edward Peter Moncrieff Brown, of Penderley Lodge, Hurst, Berks, was married to the Hon. Jennifer Mary Bethell, elder daughter of Lord Bethell, of Sussex, and of Veronica Lady Bethell, of Ascot



Lord Bethell and Veronica Lady Bethell, parents of the bride, stood welcoming the many guests as they arrived, from the church, for the reception



Mrs. C. M. Lane, mother of the bridegroom, and her husband, Col. Lane, were present at the wedding, of which red and white were the key colours

versation at many parties since. She was accompanied by her husband the Vicomte d'Orthez.

★ ★ ★

IT was the first time, I believe, that the central arena of the Royal Albert Hall, which until recently has been packed with Promenaders, has been used for a cocktail party. This was when Lord Pender, president of the council of the Corporation of the Royal Albert Hall, received about six hundred guests in the flower-bedecked central arena, which had small tables arranged all round the outside and was floodlit for the occasion.

A string orchestra was playing quietly in the background and these unique conditions made a delightful setting for a very enjoyable party.

Lady Pender, looking charming in green taffeta with a feather-trimmed black velvet hat and sable cape, was there to help her husband and other members of the council, who included Sir Gerald Hickson, Sir Ernest Makins, Sir Louis Gluckstein and their wives, to entertain the guests. Among these were Col. and Lady Kathleen Birnie, Sir John and Lady Wardlaw-Milne, Mr. Basil Cameron, the Mayor of Kensington, Lady Petrie, and Sir Charles Petrie, the Mayor of Westminster Councillor J. Gordon Elsworth, Sir Harold and Lady Gillet, Sir Harold Bowden and Sir Edward and Lady Wilshaw. Also enjoying this excellent and interesting party were Lady Cohen, Lord Courtauld-Thomson, Sir John Braithwaite, Chairman of the Stock Exchange, Sir John and Lady Makins, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel, Sir Gerald Woolaston and Sir Ernest and Lady Bullock.

★ ★ ★

THE dates of four more dances for next summer season have now been decided. Firstly the Countess of Londesborough has chosen May 19 for the dance she is giving for her débutante daughter Lady Zinnia Denison. On June 1 Mrs. Henry Illingworth is giving a dance in London for Mary-Dawn Illingworth, while Countess Cadogan is giving a ball in London on June 9 for her elder daughter

Lady Sarah Cadogan and for her niece Miss Melanie Hoare, whose mother Lady Beatrix Fanshawe, now lives in Rhodesia.

On June 23 the Duchess of Argyll is giving a coming-out dance for her daughter Miss Frances Sweeny at Claridge's and the following night, Friday, June 24, Mrs. Iain Fyfe-Jamieson is giving one at her home, Little Haugh Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, for her daughter Miss April Villar. Mrs. Fyfe-Jamieson had originally planned to give this dance on June 10, but when she read my paragraph saying that Mrs. John Sheffield and Mrs. Comer Wilson were giving a dance at Laverstoke Park in Hants

for their daughters that night, she changed hers to June 24 so as not to clash.

Lastly, Mrs. Ernest Kleinwort has chosen Friday, July 1 for the coming-out dance she is giving for her débutante daughter Gillian at their home, Heaselands, Haywards Heath.

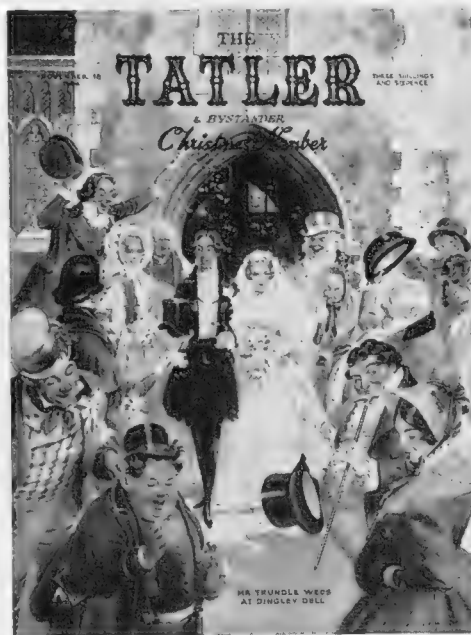
The other dates I mentioned in my former paragraph were Lady Daphne Straight's dance for her daughter Camilla Straight on May 18, the Hon. Mrs. Casey, Mrs. W. Codrington and Lady Katherine Nicholson's dance for their daughters on June 2 at the Hyde Park Hotel, and Lady Cayzer's for her daughter Nichola on June 7 at Claridge's. Most of these young girls are now in Paris or Switzerland finishing.

★ ★ ★

WHILE I was over in Paris recently, Lady Sarah Cadogan, Miss Camilla Straight, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Frances Sweeny, Lady Anne Howard and Miss June Ducas were arriving to stay with Comtesse de la Calle, who has perhaps the most fashionable of the French finishing schools. Miss Melanie Hoare and Miss Penelope Hanbury, who are both débutantes next season, are among the twelve young girls under Mme. Boué's care in Rue Erlanger. Lady Zinnia Denison is at present studying with Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony at Cygnets House and goes to Paris after Christmas.

★ ★ ★

MRS. ALEXANDER EDDY is this year's chairman of the annual Central London Branch Life-Boat Bridge and Canasta Party in aid of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. This is to take place at the May Fair Hotel on November 10 from 8.45 p.m. to midnight. The committee includes Viscountess Allandale, Lady Thomas, Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller, Lady Dovercourt, and Lady Marks, who are all working hard to make the evening a success, and have already obtained many valuable prizes for the party. Tables may be reserved at Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.



THE Christmas Number of The TATLER will be on sale on November 18. This year it makes an especial appeal to all who have friends overseas, containing exquisite colour photographs of English scenes, ghost stories, admonitions on party-giving, and conveying the whole spirit of seasonable gaiety. It may be ordered from today, for 3s. 6d., including postage 3s. 10d.



John Topham

The Hunting Season Promises
Well Despite Cubbing Delays

A MEET IN KENT

A WINTERY sun shines through the wooded country of Kent as hounds of the Old Surrey and Burstow move off down the road past Chartwell Manor, presented to Sir Winston Churchill by the nation after the war. This famous pack hunts over three counties—Surrey, Sussex and Kent—and for the coming season has three joint-Masters, Col. R. S. Clarke, M.P., Mr. U. Lambert and Miss A. Holland

THE PACKS WILL SOON BE RUNNING

• Lt.-Col. W. E. Lyon •

Lt.-Col. "Ted" Lyon, who served with the 19th Hussars, is a leading authority on equestrian affairs. Since 1947 he has edited the *Horseman's Year*, and is the author of *First Aid Hints for the Horseowner* and *Balance and the Horse*



The West Kent Hunt, whose records start in the eighteenth century, is here seen assembling for a meet at Kemsing, near Sevenoaks. It hunts nearly three hundred square miles of country

By all the laws of nature, the cubhunting season should be over by the end of October, but this summer nature has been acting like a prima donna and behaving nohow with the mysterious troughs of low pressure, and generally casting a gloom over the countryside. Even in the middle of October, crops were still standing in many parts of the Midlands.

All this has made it difficult for Masters and huntsmen to educate the young hounds and cubs in the way they should go. The consequence is that the red coat and top hat will have to stay a little longer in cold storage before they can venture out at the opening meet.

What are the prospects for the coming season? Nobody knows, but I should say they were no better and no worse than this time last year. There will, of course, be the usual changes of Masters, often involving changes of huntsmen, too. Sometimes these changes are for the better, sometimes for the worse, only time will show, but taking the fox-catching country by and large it generally pretty well even up. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

ALL the same, I think that we shall see a change in the value of horses from now onwards. It is a curious fact that though, since the war, everything else in the world has gone up, the price of the real honest hunter has remained on a low level.

The sale of horses, therefore, has not lined the pockets of the dealers, who have had to work harder than ever before to find the right animals; unfortunately, though, dealers in *dead* horses have been doing a flourishing trade.

Now, good three-quarter-bred horses are almost impossible to come by in Ireland, so if the rule of supply and demand means anything, the price of made hunters must, and should, go up, otherwise the middleman will go out of business.

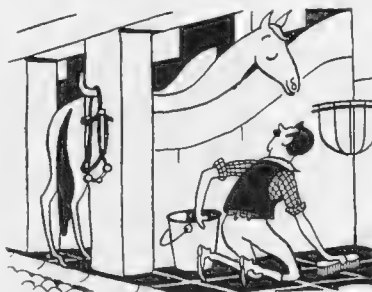
The "specialist" horse, on the other hand, is a better seller than ever; by the "specialist" I mean the hunter-point-to-pointer (why bring in the word "hunter"?), the Grade C show jumper, or—the latest style in "specialists"—the possible Three-Day Event horse that has shown a bit of form in one-day events. The prices of these are on the way to reaching the sky limit, but there's still room at the top.

Let us now consider that dreary subject Ways and Means, as it affects hunting in general. The law of compensation has been very noticeable in this direction; for instance, after the war, the gloomy prophets foretold that, because of the shortage of money everywhere,

there would, inevitably, be a shortage of Masters, fewer and fewer people would be able to come out hunting, and so the sport would die from financial starvation. Of course, nothing of the sort has happened; farmers have come to the rescue by helping out with forage, and point-to-points are now not only social functions, but very paying propositions. Nowadays, it is not uncommon for an amount adding up to four figures to be handed over to the hunt.

The reason is, of course, that there is a boom now in horse sports everywhere, *vide* the interest in show jumping, polo and three-day events. So folk from the towns will not blink an eyelid when asked to pay £2 to bring their car into a good position at a point-to-point, nor will the thousands of others resent having to pay 2s. 6d. for a race-card.

We all deplore, from the sporting point of view, the passing of horses in the Army, but interest in hunting, show jumping and in horses generally has been revived owing to the flourishing state of the Army Saddle Club. Before the war, the representatives of the Army came mostly from the cavalry and artillery; now, all branches of the Service, and also the R.A.F., have their clubs, so once more we shall see the Army officer having a cut—and the more we see, the better will it be for hunting as well as for the Army.



THERE have, no doubt, been many changes in Masterships, but I can only speak of one or two I know personally.

We have, for instance, all heard the voice of Dorian Williams giving his masterly and often humorous commentaries at the International Horse Show and elsewhere, commentaries which have helped to put show jumping on the map. Now he has left the

Grafton, and taken over the Whaddon Chase, where as Field Master his commentaries, still no doubt masterly and humorous, will be heard—but how much more effective they would be if they came over the loudspeaker!

Another interesting change is in the Quorn country, where Major G. A. Murray-Smith is taking the place of the Hon. Ronnie Strutt. Here is a typical case of the right man in the right place. There are few, if any, better men to hounds in Leicestershire than Tony Murray-Smith—a great asset in a Field Master.

I must repeat here what I have just heard, namely, that Mr. P. G. Hunter has taken over the Cheshire *as well as* remaining Master of the Cheshire Forest; so one way and another hounds under his Mastership will be out six days a week—a truly magnificent effort, especially in these otherwise far from spacious days.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G., P.C., G.C.V.O., is without doubt the most influential figure in field sports in Britain today. He has turned the Royal appointment of Master of the Horse, which he has held since 1936, into a post of nation-wide influence, proof of which is that he is universally and affectionately known as "Master." When his own pack sets out from Badminton, spectators see some of the finest hounds and most smartly turned out followers in the country. The Duke is an enlightened and progressive landowner, and is Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire and Bristol. When it made him a Freeman nine years ago, the city of Gloucester honoured both him and itself

Around the Town

—*Criticus*

THERE is no stronger incentive to familiarity with the places of interest in one's own country than the arrival of a visitor from across the water, well primed by perusal of the admirable guide books prepared by the British Travel Association, or some other such body, eager to see everything there described.

Under this impetus I found myself, the other day, making a tour of the Royal Stables at Buckingham Palace, home of

the coaches and carriages which convey the Sovereign and her honoured guests on various State and semi-State occasions, and the magnificent horses which draw them.

All of us are delighted when we see Her Majesty driving in one of her fine coaches, or less formally proceeding through the streets with visiting potentates. We may even know that the carriage horses are stabled at Buckingham Palace.

But how many of us take advantage of the opportunity offered every Wednesday for visiting the Royal Mews and being conducted by senior coachmen and

grooms on a tour of inspection through this splendid labyrinth of coach houses, loose boxes, riding schools and garages which lie to the south-west of the Palace gardens, behind the high walls flanking Buckingham Palace Road?

NO wonder those fine horses struggle as they pull the Gold Coach at marching pace in procession up such inclines as St. James's Street. Nearly two hundred years old, it is made of solid oak painted with gold, and weighs four tons.

If smaller and less opulent, the Irish State Coach, bought by Queen Victoria in

Dublin, is hardly less magnificent and of great beauty. The Glass Coach, Queen Alexandra's Coach and the State Landau each makes its special appeal.

Two or three men are constantly employed on the work of maintenance, shining the old brass candle-lamps and polishing the woodwork to a mirror-like surface. The royal coachmen, like the Yeomen Warders at the Tower of London, are admirable and courteous guides, anxious that each visitor, British or foreign, should take away accurate and lasting impressions.

Among the Windsor Greys we made the acquaintance of Snow White, a veteran of twenty-three, who knows all that a royal carriage horse should know about affairs of State.

THE harness room and museum also contain much of interest. In particular I was intrigued by a possession of Queen Victoria's which combined the functions of a riding whip and parasol, and a Mexican saddle, presented to King George V, as Prince of Wales, by Col. William "Buffalo Bill" Cody.

The Queen, I was surprised to learn, despite her love of horses, rarely visits the stables, although she uses the indoor riding school for exercise prior to the Trooping the Colour Birthday Parade. The Duke of Edinburgh, it seems, is a more frequent visitor, using the stable yard and a wooden horse as a practice ground for polo strokes, the stablemen's children acting as bowlers and fielders of the balls.

Obviously more people than I should have suspected are aware of this place of intimate interest in our national life, for no fewer than 1,200 visitors made the tour in small parties on that afternoon. Many bought souvenir postcards, the proceeds going to swell the funds of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

★ ★ ★

UNTIL I read the reminiscences of Sir Michael Bruce of Stenhouse published this month (*Tramp Royal*, Elek Books, 16s.), I had always thought of Lt.-Gen. Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart as the most frequently wounded man I

LONG ODDS

*Bliss was it in that dawn to be
The pampered darling of TV,
High priest of sacerdotal rights
To peering parlour troglodytes.*

*Yes, bliss for stars . . . but how accursed—
Ungroomed, unprompted, unrehearsed—
The politician who, to please,
Apes Donat and Demosthenes
But lacks the Monroe's svelte divine—
His only curve the party line.*

—JEAN STANGER

knew. Sir Adrian began these violent experiments on the durability of his anatomy in the South African War and by the close of World War One in Europe he had been wounded with varying degrees of severity no fewer than eleven times.

I have not attempted to make a record from the pages of Sir Michael Bruce's memoirs of the violence that has been done to his body during sixty years of soldiering and world-wide adventure. But to those who read his story it must surely be a source of amazement that he is still with us to tell the tale and has ventured forth to Vancouver "convinced that in Canada I may still find adventure and perhaps, at last, the peace . . . that has always eluded me."

FROM 1911, when a bank crash and the death of his father left his family financially stricken and dashed his hopes of a Regular Army career, to the close of World War Two, Sir Michael, on his own showing, has lived a life which should thrill and delight the most eager armchair warrior.

Almost always he seems to have been shot, blown up, dropped on his head and generally battered for his efforts. And obviously, when courage coupled with resource was demanded, he has given as good as he got.

Sir Michael traces his ancestry back to A.D. 721. The direct line of descent from Robert the Bruce, Bannockburn

and the study of the patient spider, ring bells more clearly for most of us than those earlier forebears Thebotaw, Rognvald, Turf Eynor and Thorfin Russakliffer, who got the family off to a good start long before 1066 and all that.

Having lived a less strenuous life I have known better his brother Willie, who "had the strength, when his future crashed around him, to turn his back on his ambitions and make a new career for himself as Nigel Bruce, actor." Brother Willie still had the warrior spirit and, as a pillar of the British colony in Los Angeles County, with Aubrey Smith, Basil Rathbone and a few more, did much to persuade Hollywood-Beverly Hills to recognize that cricket provides the real training field for British military prowess.

But for those who want a rattling good life story, told in breezy yet polished language, I recommend Sir Michael's book as excellent and rather inspiring reading. I hope we are still breeding them that way.

★ ★ ★

MENTIONING matters military brings me to a most interesting gathering held in London a little earlier this month which brought together the presidents and secretaries of more than thirty ex-Service men and women's associations.

Two members of the government were there to welcome the soldiers, sailors, airmen and women's representatives—Capt. Harry Crookshank, Lord Privy Seal, and Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, Secretary of State for Air, both of whom, incidentally, are old Grenadiers. Indeed, the First Guards are strongly represented in the co-ordinating committee of these organizations, since this year's chairman, Lt.-Col. G. F. Turner, is of the same regiment.

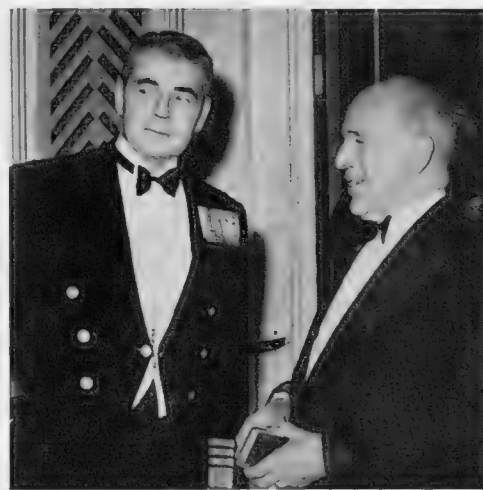
The reception at 83 Portland Place was designed to bring all the officers of these ex-Service organizations together in friendly contact to further the general aim of assisting one another in the work which they so usefully perform for their members.



Commodore H. Vandervell, the deputy president, was in conversation with Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick M'Grigor



Admiral Sir Harold Burrough and Commodore Robert H. Shelton, who sat together at dinner, were listening to the speeches



Admiral Sir Guy Russell and Commodore the Earl Howe, the president, were watching their fellow diners arrive

At the Annual Dinner of the R.N.V.R. Officers' Association, Given in the Connaught Rooms

COMTESSE MARIE AMELIE DE ROBILANT, wife of Comte Carlo de Robilant, was photographed at Bougy St. Martin, near Geneva, the home of her parents M. Edouard de Heller and Princess Clementine, Mme. de Heller



F. J. Goodman

Priscilla in Paris

A Promise Ripens

IT is good news for those who intend purchasing, but less good for those who have recently done so, that the French automobile trade is reducing its prices. Wads of *mille* notes are being peeled off the total of quite a few Super-Luxe cars. So far, so good. Perhaps the collapse of prices promised by ex-Minister Pinay a year or so ago is arriving. But while certain costs of living appear to be going down the cost of dying is going up! It seems that cemeteries are losing money. Compared to the extravagant price of land for building purposes, that of land for interment is scandalously low.

The authorities hint that they will have to do something about it. When authorities start hinting that they need money, one knows what to expect. To get the better of them people will have to go on a voyage and arrange to die at sea (and that outside the three mile limit!).

MAURICE CHEVALIER has had trouble with the Iron Curtain . . . but it was the iron curtain of the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées that stuck and refused to go up the other evening. "Momo" gave his recital in the narrow space between the footlights and the immovable safety screen. Despite the many difficulties created by such a state of affairs he enjoyed his usual success. Even his dearest enemies—if he has any—were obliged to chuckle when he remarked that he hoped it would be remembered, by those

persons who had sometimes criticized him, that he was giving his performance in front of the Iron Curtain and not behind it!

After the supple and obedient velvet curtain fell on the stiffly refractory one, Maurice was to be found at the party given in honour of the novelist Serge Veber, recently promoted to the rank of *Officier* of the Légion d'Honneur. Vice-President of the Société des Auteurs, Serge Veber is the author of innumerable plays, musical comedies and humorous sketches. He is also a brilliant organizer of galas to raise funds for various charities; he has the persuasive knack of coaxing millions from the most unlikely sources; and a small forest is needed to supply him with trees for the children at Christmas time.

ALL Paris turned up to congratulate him, accompanied by a good smattering of the provinces and some notable foreigners amongst whom was Don Jaime. England was represented by the very fine and lovely actress whom Paris adores—Miss Vivien Leigh. Pretty Line Renaud sang, accompanied by her guitarist husband, who also composes her songs. It is three years since she has been heard in Paris and she has vastly improved her *tour de chant*, but even three years ago, when she sang at a private party given by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor who were then living in Paris, H.R.H. declared her to be a "clever, nice little girl!"

She is still as nice, she is certainly cleverer and looks even younger than she was then in the simple, high-collared frock of black

silk jersey that is a great improvement on the pale blue or pink fuss-and-frills of her début.

The theatrical event of the week is the première of Graham Greene's *The Living Room* at the Théâtre St. Georges, brilliantly played by an all-star company led by Jean Mercure, who is also the author of the excellent translation of the play. He takes the rôle of the priest who, during the whole time he is on the stage, remains practically motionless in his wheel chair and yet dominates, by means of the slightest gesture—a look, a quiver of his eyelids—the agonizing situations that Graham Greene has devised in this tensely psychological drama.

THE actress-manager of the St. Georges, Mme. Mary Morgan, in private life Mme. Fossorier, wife of the Mayor of Deauville, gave the critics not only great pleasure in presenting such a play but also in eliminating those chattering, restless habitués of first-night performances who get themselves invited to the theatre in order to be seen there, rather than for the pleasure of listening to a new production.

Another—but perhaps slightly irrelevant—reason for liking an evening at the Théâtre St. Georges is its proximity to a Métro station. Given the difficulty of parking one's car unless one arrives there half an hour before the curtain rises, this is an asset.

Et puis . . .

● Purists complain that too many foreign words have crept into use in the French language. Perhaps this is why "cocktail" is now spelled: "coquetèlle."

A QUEEN AMONG MUSIC - MAKERS

LONG acknowledged as one of the most talented, as well as the most charming, of our pianists, Eileen Joyce has continued to delight audiences ever since her début at a promenade concert under Sir Henry Wood. Film work, as well as concert appearances, have made her known to an immensely wide public, and when she leaves London on tour at the beginning of next month she will be more than welcome wherever she goes. She is here seen at her harpsichord.

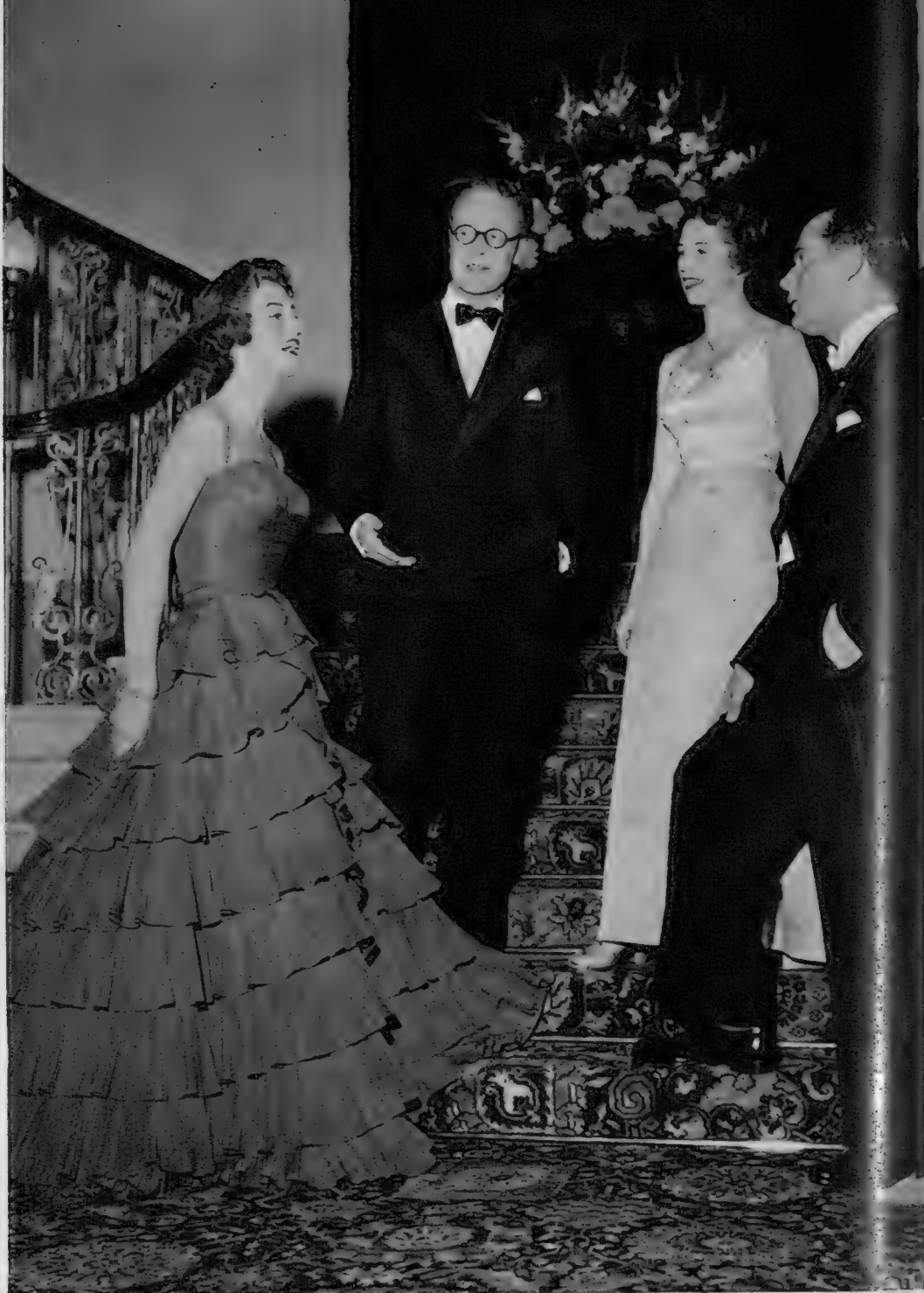


Angus McBean

THE CARRIAGES QUEUED FOR GROSVENOR BALL

ONE of the most successful events of early autumn was the third annual Grosvenor Ball at Londonderry House. It was organised by the Grosvenor Ward—which includes Mayfair—of the St. George's Division, whose M.P., Sir Harold Webbe, was present. A company of 300 gathered to dance, take part in the tombola, and watch an amusing cabaret by Miss M. Newman, before reluctantly making their adieux at 1 a.m.

Mrs. R. M. Hicks, Mr. Denys Edgley, Miss Christine Roberts and Mr. R. M. Hicks, of the committee, were pooling some happy observations



Miss Jennifer Ratcliff and Miss Patricia Walker were waiting to welcome friends who were coming down the staircase



Miss Sylvia Mary Haigh was dancing an old-fashioned waltz with Mr. William Wilkinson as her partner, just before going to their supper



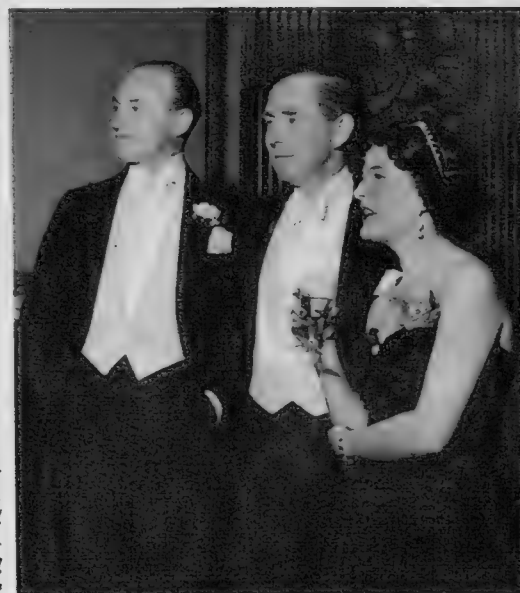
Miss Nuala Dalton, daughter of Major-General Emmett Dalton, was here with Mr. J. Newton-Quinn

Mr. Robert Hicks, Miss Sonia Lewis, Mr. Guy Fitzmaurice-Dixon and Miss Clare Taft had just arrived for the ball



Mr. F. W. Brown, Miss Gillian Urwick, P/Offer P. A. Cullum and Miss Joy Urwick

Col. J. Chapman-Walker, Mr. W. L. Cunningham and Miss J. Gordon-Finlay amused by the cabaret



Desmond O'Neill

DINING OUT

The Delights of Chop Suey



"**M**USINGS OF A CHINESE GOURMET" (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), by F. T. Cheng, is not just another cookbook, which is understandable, as the author is indeed a man of parts. He was once Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; is a Barrister-at-Law; a Bencher of the Middle Temple; and Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice.

What Dr. Cheng sets out to do, and does with considerable charm, is to explain that the Chinese throughout their history have regarded the culinary art as an integral part of the cultured life of their country; in fact, an essential part of the art of living.

Many people think that Chop Suey in its various forms is a popular delicacy in China,

whereas, in actual fact, it is hardly known, and was a made-up dish specially prepared for American customers by pioneer Chinese restaurants in New York and San Francisco. It can, however, be extremely appetising.

Our former Foreign Minister, the much respected Mr. Ernest Bevin, on being asked by Dr. Cheng for his favourite Chinese dish, replied "No. 8." This turned out to be a numbered dish at the Chinese restaurant which Mr. Bevin frequented and was, in fact, a Chop Suey. The recipe for this and many other special dishes are given in the book. From then on "No. 8" formed a regular item on the menu of subsequent diplomatic dinners.

The fragrance of the teas of China being thus evoked, a Chinese restaurant was visited, LEY

ON'S, in Wardour Street, where Mr. Ley On has been serving authentic Chinese food for twenty-eight years. He is also a personality in his own right and went in for horse-racing with such success that he won the Two Thousand Guineas with his horse Ki Ming in 1951. He employs fifteen Chinese cooks in his spotless kitchens, where we witnessed the preparation of Gum Loo Min Tong, a soup with noodles, shredded chicken, loin pork and eggs, indeed a meal in itself, which costs only 3s. 9d.

It came out that Dr. Cheng frequently visits Ley On's, so that we had some of the dishes he orders for himself, such as Hung Shiu Dow Fu Kok, which are fried bean curds in cubes; Foo Gar Chow Gai Pin, being fried sliced chicken with bitter melon, and a particular favourite, Gai Yoong Yu Chee, no less than stewed sharks' fins with minced chicken in a thick soup.

If you want to give your guests at home a party and a surprise, give them a complete Chinese dinner. Ley On's will supply it in cartons, six different dishes at a guinea a head. For drinks, anything dry, wine, whiskey, or the more bitter types of beer will do.

—I. Bickerstaff

At the Theatre

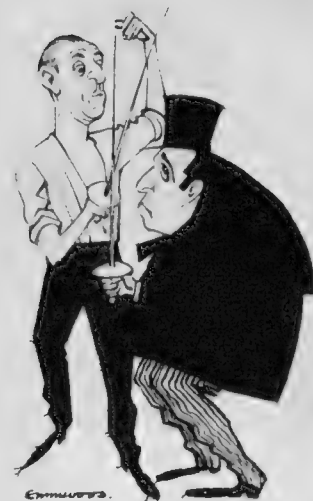
Paris Eludes Mr. Porter

Anthony Cookman



SPARKLE OF MONTMARTRE proved highly unsettling to Judge Aristide Forestier (Edmund Hockridge), whose enthusiasm for the Law was undermined by the calculated allure of La Mome Pistache (Irene Hilda), cynical proprietress of the Bal du Paradis. He found a way of escape from ruin by identifying the can-can with eurythmics

Illustrations by Emmwood



FINEST DUEL since Sheridan was fought by Hillaire Jussac (George Gee) and Boris Adzinidzinadze (Alfred Marks)

THE frisky, frilled-petticoat-lifting, titupping and swirling dance routines in *Can-Can*, the new Cole Porter musical at the Coliseum, comes in for eager applause. So does the scenery, nicely painted and arranged to suggest the Toulouse-Lautrec idea of Montmartre.

But these are, or ought to be, incidental delights, and the eagerness to make the most of them implies, I am afraid, considerable disappointment with the show as a whole.

The chief cause of this disappointment is Mr. Cole Porter himself. He is out of form. A note of tired professionalism has crept into his lyric writing. We listen in vain for the apt smack of incongruity that he used to produce by his daring internal rhymes, and though some of the tunes are hummable enough they are always reminding us rather sadly of tunes very like themselves which we hummed in the long ago.

"LIVE and Let Live" is the lyric most worth listening to, but between us and the singer there is a big orchestra beating the tune out into the vast spaces of the Coliseum, and it is not easy, with this in our ears, to pick out the words. The least worth listening to was on the first night the most successful: "I love Paris in the winter when it drizzles," Miss Irene Hilda sang with such force that she stopped the show dead, "I love Paris in the summer when it sizzles."

A secondary cause of disappointment is that the story has no relation to the Montmartre of legend or the Montmartre of fact. It is the sort of story that would have served any old-fashioned American musical comedy, witless and inane. A Parisian judge, an innocent Puritan born to be vamped, sets out to purify Montmartre. He falls in love with the vamp who has trapped him into a

ruinous scandal and finally joins her in demonstrating to a French court that the can-can is an essentially healthy form of exercise.

Mr. Abe Burrows sets this nonsensical tale running on the most flat-footed dialogue imaginable, and Mr. Edmund Hockridge, a powerful Canadian singer, makes matters worse, or let us say, accepts the situation, by playing the hero with a slickish lack of humour. Miss Hilda works with furious energy as the vamp, but it is a thoroughly unrewarding part, except for its songs, which she handles forcefully and effectively.

MR. ALFRED MARKS and Mr. George Gee are involved in a secondary story concerned with a sculptor who very foolishly places his reputation and his mistress in the hands of an influential art critic. Nobody can make much of the affair till towards evening's end it brisk up into a broad burlesque on the lines of the duel scene from *The Rivals*, and then both Mr. Marks and Mr. Gee are extremely funny.

Still, the scenery and the costumes, designed by Motley and arranged by Mr. Jo Mielziner, are charmingly Parisian and the dances, staged by Mr. Michael Kidd, are giddily splendid. (The less said about the utterly tasteless Garden of Eden ballet the better.) The can-can is danced twice, once with an abandon distinctive of its insinuating rhythm, once with a restraint which brings out all the decorative charm of cascading frills and stockinged legs and swirling gaiety. Miss Gillian Lynne, a dancer as expressive as she is athletic, is the life and soul of both demonstrations. There is also an apache dance, alive with sardonic humour. If this musical settles down for a long run it will certainly owe more to its highly expert team of dancers than to its music or to its too naïvely Americanized representation of Parisian romance.



Cornel Lucas

NEW STAR BY CANDLELIGHT

A LOVELY young leading lady who will shortly be seen in the West End is June Thorburn, star of *Chandelier for Charlie*, a farce by Jordan Lawrence. It is presented by Jadon Productions Ltd., a name which conceals the identity of James and Ann Donald, and should arrive in London during December. Miss Thorburn, who is under contract to the Rank Organisation, has a leading part in a new film comedy, *Fast and Loose*

London Limelight

Guilty But Inane

THE GIRL ON THE VIA FLAMINIA," at the New Lindsey, presents a bit of a problem to the kind-hearted student. Here is a completely worthy play which is sincerely concerned with the over-exposed conscience of America as a conquering force in Europe, and in Rome in particular.

A victorious soldier buys female companionship and both parties to the inglorious bargain are heart-rendingly embarrassed by the consequences.

Now this theme is as stale as Saturday's bread, and to get away with it butter, currants and cream must be added in order to make a pudding. The author, Alfred Hayes, has unfortunately only sincerity and pedestrian craftsmanship to aid him on paper. His actors, on the other hand, worked very ably to help him along, including a personable American newcomer, Leo Penn,

and Julian Sherrier, late of the Oxford Repertory Company. As a "little theatre" production it was a prodigy of the quart-and-pint-pot example of staging, but the conscience of America made a coward (and a rather disinterested one) out of at least one member of the audience.



Mary Scott, Leo Penn and Julian Sherrier as they appear in *The Girl on the Via Flaminia*, at the New Lindsey Theatre

"BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE" has received its very just ovation as exhibiting two of the most polished performers now on view on the English-speaking stage. Yet it produced a problem to which I find no solution. The scene is the living-room of a lady who is an admitted professional witch; her aunt, living above, is a distinguished amateur and her brother an expert in the craft. It is Christmas Eve. What mystifies me is the way in which these three conspirators of the Black Art decorated their tree with witch balls, which, as every good and superstitious householder knows, are infallible for preventing warlocks and midnight hags from crossing the threshold.

A REAL children's show is due in Town on December 23rd, so established a favourite that it is hard to believe that it has not been seen here for twenty years. This is *Toad of Toad Hall*, which will surely prove a delight to the offspring of its last London audience. The players from the Stratford Memorial Theatre will perform this beloved phantasy, and Leo McKern will appear as Toad.

After the brittle emptiness of the present brash American musical which occupies the Princes, this old theatre should be happy to entertain a wholesome country guest.

—Youngman Carter

At the Pictures

Trumpeting Of The Mammoth

THE ancient Egyptians and the Crusaders are the latest fodder for the voracious maw of the Cinema-Scope wide screen.

It is hard to find words to describe, let alone criticise, this kind of production. Perhaps comparison will help. If *King Richard and the Crusaders*, the Warner Brothers' epic, is colossal, then *The Egyptian*, from Twentieth Century-Fox, is super-colossal. While I have them handy you might as well have the rest: extravagant, spectacular, stupendous, gigantic and mammoth.

Another pseudo-historical epic is on view this week, *The Black Shield of Falworth*. We critics were not invited to see it, maybe in the recognition that it would find us short of adjectives.

LET us get down to the facts. *The Egyptian*, produced by Darryl F. Zanuck and directed by Michail Curtiz, cost \$5,000,000, runs for two hours and nineteen minutes, and stars Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, Gene Tierney, Bella Darvi, Michael Wilding, Peter Ustinov and a new-comer, Edmund Purdom, in the title rôle. The scene is Egypt of the Pharaohs in 1300 B.C. For two years Egyptologists have been at work authenticating the sets, costumes, buildings, furniture and thousands of articles on view right down to beer-mugs.

It saddens me to have to report that all this effort, wealth and talent is lavished on a film which is often as tedious as it is pretentious. Insofar as the story can be extricated from its environment it concerns the ups and downs of Sinuhe, an Egyptian physician, a part creditably discharged by Edmund Purdom. Creditably, because he is not dazzled by the shine of the senior stars and he stands up with dignity to the rambling inconsequence of the whole affair.

SINUHE becomes entangled with Babylonian courtesan, Bella Darvi, and falls down badly on his job of palace physician. Banished, he goes to the Hittites, where he establishes a lucrative practice. He returns to Egypt with the news that the Hittites plan an attack with weapons made of a new material, steel. But Pharaoh, Michael Wilding, is a softie who hates war. So Purdom, Mature and Pharaoh's sister, Gene Tierney, poison him. In the ensuing mêlée—which from the look must have cost one of the five million dollars—poor Jean Simmons, who has been hovering like a



"NEAPOLITAN FANTASY," which opened the Italian Film Festival at the Tivoli Theatre, was chosen to be shown before the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and a most distinguished audience. Jean Quik is shown in a dramatic scene from the film

Television

THE USTINOV EXPERIMENT



ACTORS of courage are beginning to appreciate the opportunities TV offers them: of parts they might never have played, of rash experi-

ments to break the long-lamented monotony of West End runs.

Peter Ustinov confesses himself frightened of tackling *Peer Gynt* on Sunday (with the second part following on Thursday instead of the usual repeat). Because Ustinov is an intelligent actor he probably does approach one of the most daunting of star rôles with due awe. But he must be excited by the prospect of playing it.

I have never yet seen an entirely satisfactory *Peer*; Ustinov is not an entirely easy actor to cast. There is not so little affinity between Norwegian and Russian temperament as may be supposed. It seems quite possible that the TV *Peer Gynt* may turn out a case of inspired casting.

Drama is the fare this week: Norwegian, Russian and Spanish. To-night Moira Lister, who scored such a hit as the blind girl in *The Concert*, appears in Tchekhov's early comedy *The Bear*. It is good to see Miss Lister back.

TUESDAY night promises another treat. Helen Haye and Harcourt Williams are to co-star in the Quintero brothers' enchanting play about old age, *A Hundred Years Old*. It is not quite a century since I saw Horace Hodges in it at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Two of the youngsters in the cast were Peggy Ashcroft and Celia Johnson. Neither Miss Haye nor Mr. Williams is yet a hundred. But they are two of our grand old actors, and one of TV's boons to viewers is precisely that it keeps such players before us.

Light entertainment is so precarious even a hope might puff it out. But I look forward with hope to Bob Monkhouse's second programme to-night. For I thought his first the funniest thing I have seen on TV.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Edmund Purdom and Ann Blyth in "The Student Prince," current screen translation of the gay musical of old Heidelberg

sad moth on the fringe of the affair, is despatched with an arrow.

Victor Mature knows his way around this kind of picture by now and bulldozes through with his head down, so to speak, in the rôle of an Egyptian general. Poor Michael Wilding has a preposterous part as the sick Pharaoh, who believes in one God. He acts like anything to little avail. Gene Tierney and Bella Darvi, when one can identify them amid the lush sets and costumes, are appropriately beautiful and wicked. Peter Ustinov, as a half-blind servant, wanders through the film like a privileged clown, bringing a little sanity here and there with a quip or a gesture.

Although no more than colossal and a half-price job compared with *The Egyptian* I preferred *King Richard and the Crusaders*. It pays lip-service to Sir Walter Scott's *The Talisman* but is really just a rollicking Western staged in fancy dress in the Holy Land.

George Sanders has a fine time laying about him with lance and mace as Richard ("Call me Dick Plantagenet"). He is in uneasy command of the Third Crusade, accompanied by his sister, Virginia Mayo, a rather scruffy Scottish knight, Laurence Harvey, and a crowd of other knights more ready for treachery than chivalry.

WOUNDED by a traitor's arrow, he is nursed back to health by a physician sent by his gallant adversary, Saladin. This is, of course, none other than Saladin himself, and Saladin is none other than Rex Harrison peering mischievously at us through a heavy Oriental make-up. What a time our Rex has!

As the Scottish knight, Laurence Harvey comes in for a lot of Sassenach abuse and knocks, but he gets Virginia Mayo in the end despite the attentions of Harrison. And so the Third Crusade draws to a close. It is all good fun; there is some splendid jousting, plenty of swordplay and a rousing finale with a battle between Saracens and Crusaders.

A quite different aspect of American entertainment is shown us in Walter Wanger's *Riot in Cell Block 11*. It was Sir Winston Churchill who said that the most devastating criticisms of America were uttered by Americans themselves. This film, intended openly to show up the deficiencies in the American prison system, is in this courageous and laudable tradition of autocritique. It is a good film, as well.

—Dennis W. Clarke



NADIA GRAY, the talented star who is equally at home in five languages, appears as the eternal spirit of Naples in *Neapolitan Fantasy*. The story is told in eight episodes that cover four centuries in the life of that colourful and turbulent city. The singers include Gigli

Gramophone Notes

TOP OF THE CLASS



OF the contemporary composers there are three whose contributions to music, and, I believe, posterity, are worthy of special mention. They are Benjamin Britten, Gian-Carlo Menotti, and Aaron Copland. It is fortuitous that works of particular interest by each have recently been recorded.

Currently there is Britten's "Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge," which was first played by Boyd Neel and his Orchestra at the Salzburg Festival in 1937. This time it is Von Karajan, conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, who gives this composition a workmanlike and, indeed, interesting performance. It is already available played by the Boyd Neel Orchestra (Decca L.X.T. 2790), but I think this present recording is more satisfactory, and the coupling, Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis," is entirely successful (Columbia 33 C.X. 1159).

The Menotti contribution also saw the light of day in 1937, for it was in Philadelphia that his opera, *Amelia al Ballo*, was first performed. The present recording is made by the artists who sang in it when it was given its La Scala, Milan, première this March. The singers include Carosio, Panerai, Prandelli, Amadini and Campi. Since Menotti wrote this he has developed considerably, notably with *The Consul* and *The Medium*. Musically *Amelia* does not stand up to the Britten 1937 vintage, but it is interesting to hear, and that not only on account of the singers! (Columbia 33 C.X. 1166.)

I BELIEVE that Aaron Copland's name has, quite wrongly, always been associated with what we please to call American music. But in his "Symphony No. 3" he has produced a work of no mean distinction. It is played for all its worth by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati. The result is undeniably astounding. (Mercury M.G. 50018.)

—Robert Tredinnick



SPANISH AMBASSADOR'S "NEW WORLD" PARTY

THE opening-up of the New World by Columbus's voyage was celebrated in London by a reception—the Fiesta de la Raza, or Feast of the Race—given by the Spanish Ambassador, H.E. the Duke of Primo de Rivera (below). This memorable evening was attended by members of the Government, M.P.s, and a large body of the Diplomatic Corps, in London





Left: Among British guests at the party were the Joint-Master of the Belvoir, Lt.-Col. J. R. Hanbury, and Mrs. J. R. Hanbury



Right: Others at Belgrave Square were Mme. A. K. Jonsson, the Icelandic Minister's wife, and Mme. F. O. Soravuo, the wife of the Finnish Minister

Left: In conversation beside one of the magnificent classical tapestries in the Embassy were the Duchess of Alcala, Mme. M. Calderon and Mme. Toro



In the main reception room, Mme. Olga Alvarez, wife of the Colombian Counsellor, and Mme. G. Magarinos had just been brought glasses of wine by M. Magarinos, Counsellor at the Uruguay Embassy

Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"WE probably have more psychology-quacks in Britain to-day," reports an investigating Fleet Street sleuth, "than there used to be patent-pill quacks." To which we can add that the prevalent feeling in Harley Street is that all these boys lack is the old-time accompaniment of Merry Andrew and drum.

Lured by the drumming and hypnotised by the gambols of the Merry Andrew, the rurals once rolled up to the operator's booth in enormous numbers, as everybody knows. The more dignified technique of a few quacks like the celebrated Dr. Bossy of Covent Garden, superb in black velvet, Mechlin ruffles, full-bottomed wig, and sword, was likewise profitable.

In those days there was of course room for everybody in the racket. To-day the overcrowding of Harley Street continues to be a scandal. In popular houses like "Uncle Joe's," "The Bismuth Box," "Red Lamp Charley's," and "Chez Tiny" rich women are still liable (our spies report) to be rent in pieces by a ravening mob of specialists swarming on every floor from cellars to garrets and even squatting on the front steps. The back-basement of "Mother Midnight's" is occupied by five psychiatrists, two anaesthetists, and a neuropath, and a lot of gipsies recently moved in as well, adding to the confusion and hubbub with song, dance, fighting, fortune-telling, and cookery. (See Mrs. Hemingway Powke, *Rambles in Darkest Medicine-Land*, Blotto & Bulp, 1954.)

This cannot go on, especially if parking-space has to be found for bass-drums. Very small psychologists could sleep in them, but could they get out in time when the rush begins?

Voice

So that legendary parade-ground roar of "You horrible little man!" is actually a legend after all—as the Voice which has so often breathed o'er Victoria Station from Chelsea Barracks, nearly a mile away, assured the Press boys recently on the eve of its retirement into civil life. None of his 40,000 ex-pupils over the last thirty years will deny that RSM Brittain of the Coldstreamers knows best. Nevertheless the news is slightly disappointing.

Disappointing to us, because this kind of address was used to great effect by many less eminent Voices, including one we knew at Aldershot, expressing sorrow and despair in a kind of cadenced wail which affected the soldiery considerably. "You awful men," the Voice would begin fluting, "are trying to break my

heart as you broke your poor old mother's, when she took her first look at you, but"—here a sudden bloodfreezing scream—"you've GOT IT WRONG, SEE? I am here to BREAK YOURS." This technique dates presumably from the abolition of Army flogging, to Queen Victoria's historic dismay. Little parade-ground rhetoric was required over the previous century; still less—barring perhaps "This hurts me more than it hurts you"—in Marlborough's time, when canes were used on parade and in battle pretty freely. What learned chaps call the *terminus a quo* must therefore be the Army Act of 1881.

Today there are possibly correspondence-courses, for all we know. Are You A Magnetic and Convincing Speaker on Parade? Are You Popular at Military Gatherings? Can You Hold the Troops Spellbound with Wit, Humour, Anecdote, Inspiration? (Coupon below.)

Willow

AUSTRALIAN opinion on the new experimental MCC bat known as "Grace Darling, Mk. III," is so far somewhat critical, our Melbourne spies cable.

This bat, as most cricket-lovers know already, is hollowed at the bulge (4½"—see Rule V) to hold 2 oz. of cocaine, with a small spring-trap-door enabling the batsman to refresh himself in mid-over instead of having to run to and from the pavilion for a snootful at odd moments. Australian critics are asking whether the driving-power thus lost is fully compensated by the leaden "heel." The first three opening matches will probably settle this question.

Meanwhile (our spies add) the appearance of the new explosive ball, known as "Bombe Surprise," is anticipated with mixed feelings. Naturally the visitors are loth to use this ball in the final stages of any game unless hard pressed. "We don't want to blow a lot of Australians skyhigh unless the Old Country is really down the drain," said a spokesman last week. "Fortunately, however, they won't know what hit them."

Though named after W. G. Grace the new bat was not, of course, invented by the Doctor, whose own method of coping with apoplectic hysteria at the wicket is well known. Remains of bats like "Old Steadfast" and "Topsy II" preserved in the museum at Lord's show that he began devouring them at the thick end. This explains the Doctor's habit, after notching a century, of carrying back a little actress, having no bat left worth mentioning. (End message.)

Reprieve

INFORMED City opinion, we find, agrees that Auntie Times was wise to drop the usual photographic array of steely, glowering faces from her latest Financial Supplement. The reign of terror these masterful dials once exercised over the citizenry at large evaporated, one gathers, after the High Court case of *Menace v. Powerpan* a year ago.

Sir Nero Menace of Globular Concessions Ltd., sued Powerpan Photos, Ltd., a studio specialising in highclass City portraiture, for breach of contract, conveyed in a letter after the fifth sitting containing the following passage:

"We regret we can do nothing with that big flabby face of yours. Most of our clients manage to screw up a good ruthless scowl for at least three minutes, but after wasting 25 plates on you we give up, having a reputation to think of."

Mr. Justice Cheese's ruling was in essence as follows:

"This refusal constitutes, in my opinion, a revetted tort, reversible and regardant in fee simple, if not actually barottage *ad eundem*. Sir Nero's face may, as the defendants allege, resemble a synthetic fruit-jelly in a thunderstorm at Southend-on-Sea. It was their business to lend it, for a few moments and for the purposes of a Financial Supplement, an appearance of ruthless domination. I have no hesitation in condemning this lack of guts on the part of photo-boys who should be used to freaks of Nature of every kind. . . ."

Judgment for complainant, with costs (L.R., 18/9/53/KB/295, ff.)

Query

A CHATTY girl just back from Hollywood and demonstrating, so far as we could see, that the only virtue the boys and girls in that loony-bin still lack is humility, reminded us of one of the thousand exquisite sayings of Seymour Hicks.

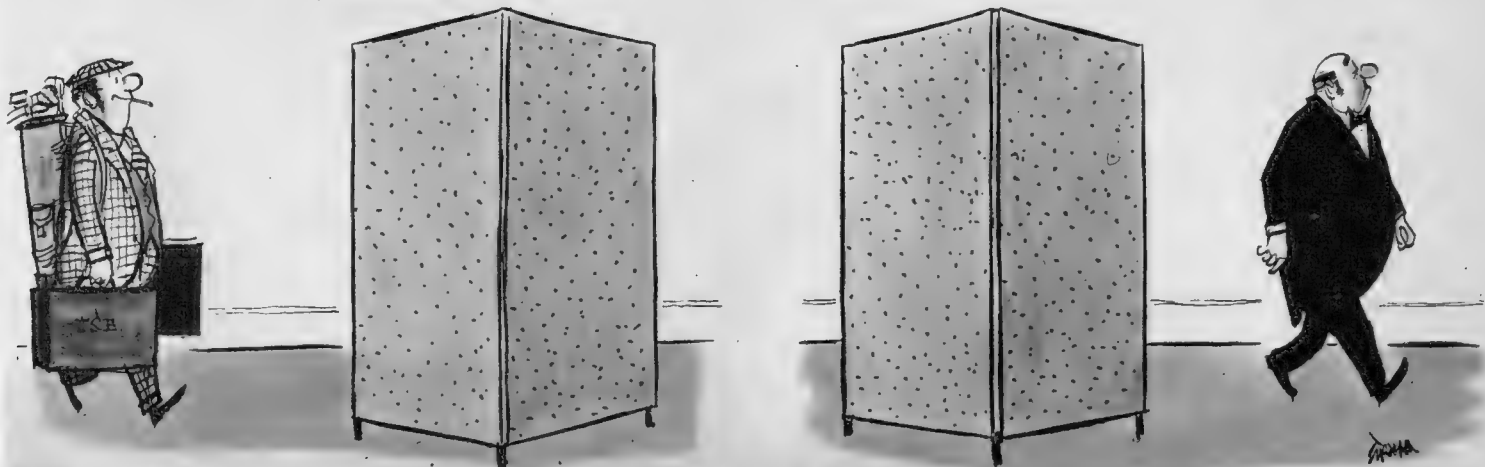
Hicks was involved in a bit of brisk, boring eve-of-production trouble started by a musical-comedy sweetheart—call her Miss Eyebright—who violently objected to having her name displayed at the bottom of the bill, thus:

AND

TOPSY EYEBRIGHT.

When she had finished stating her case, at length, Hicks emerged from a reverie. "Why not 'BUT'?" he asked charmingly, lighting a cigarette. (Exit sweetheart, in smoke and flame.)

THE RETURN OF BRIGGS



—by Graham



Mr. Paul Penfold, Mr. Laurence Williams, Mr. Vincent Poklewski-Koziell and Mr. Anthony Richeard were telling Lady Russell, chairman of the Downside Beagles, the latest news of the pack, formed in 1946



Sir Charles Russell and Lady Diana Miller went across to greet some friends as they left the dance floor



Mr. David Patrick and Miss Mary Anne Berry were in happy mood as they circled round the ballroom

DOWNSIDE BEAGLES CAME TO TOWN



SCHOLARS from Downside and their friends from other schools, some 300 in number, spent a most enjoyable evening dancing at the Downside Beagles Ball, which was held this year at 6, Stanhope Gate, Park Lane. Jennifer writes about this lighthearted and very successful occasion on p. 219

Mr. Edward Augustine and Miss Jean Bodley Scott, Mr. Humphrey Nunes and Miss Maria Troll sat out one of the dances in an ante-room for a drink and a chat



Worplesdon Interludes

JUDGING by the heavy entry this year, the Worplesdon Foursomes seem more popular than ever. A very high general standard of play was observed, and matches were followed by large numbers of golf enthusiasts. Jennifer describes the scene on the course on p. 218



Mrs. Hoare and Miss Kauntze were having lunch with the former's father, Col. Charles Hezlet, ex-Irish Amateur champion

Left: Miss Frances Stephens, Open and English champion, who won the Foursomes with Tony Slark. She is here seen with her fiancé, Mr. Roy Smith



Right: Mrs. Joan Cowper, Mrs. McCready and Mr. Sam McCready with Chinky the Pekinese. Mrs. Cowper was Mr. McCready's match partner



On Buying A Farm

THERE'S MANY A SLIP. . .

I HOPE it is possible to learn all about ducks in five days. If not, then my great calculations will lead to bankruptcy. Five days has been the duration of my apprenticeship as a farmer. This no doubt will cause a great deal of hilarity in a profession based on centuries of close kinship with the soil and the accumulated knowledge of generations.

But there is no need to emphasise the father-to-son business to me in my present superior mood. Most farmers I have come across obviously prefer the methods of their great-great-grandfathers, which may explain why there are always a lot more farms for sale than chemist's shops or gold mines.

Basically, farming seems to me to be a fairly simple problem of production and disposal. Take ducks—as indeed I hope you will do in ever-increasing quantities.

You start off with some breeding stock which is the best you can buy. You see to it that they

are well-housed and fed with enough of the right kind of food which will in turn produce the necessary procreative antics.

Then comes the egg. You have anticipated this, perhaps optimistically, by buying the most efficient incubator on the market into which you put the egg. The chances of getting a duckling out of it are roughly 100 to 30 against, which means that you are doing pretty well if, out of 100 eggs, you get, etc. It is a humble, and therefore commendable, thought that man's inventive genius, which has got around to a way of destroying all humanity, has not been able to think up an incubator which is half as efficient as a duck. That must give them something to quack about.

WELL NOW . . . that duckling is submitted to a course of treatment which will make it grow to a weight of six pounds in the shortest possible time. At present this appears to be nine or ten weeks. Naturally, if someone can produce a six-pound duckling in seven or



eight weeks he will have a fortnight's less feed bill to pay and another couple of thousand to hand to the Exchequer at the end of the year.

So you see there is nothing really difficult about the production of ducks—unless they get pneumonia, consumption, staggers, cholera, spinal meningitis, or salmonensis, in which case you could always get a job as a counterhand in a poulterer's shop.

About their disposal. This is simply a matter of supply and demand, of ducks and people to eat them. On this point there are some astonishing figures to be scratched up. . . . Thirty-five per cent. of the population of Great Britain never buy any poultry at all; 50 per cent. buy them once or twice a year, and fewer than 10 per cent. buy poultry more than once a month. There is no indication what the remaining 5 per cent. do. No doubt produce poultry.

THESE are the results of a recent nation-wide survey, and I mention it because to me, as a duck farmer, it indicates that there is some room for improvement.

You will see that nothing I have written here is in the generation-to-generation class, though it might come within the definition of teaching my grandmother to suck duck eggs.

But I did learn quite a lot during my five-days apprenticeship, especially that there were approximately thirty muscles in various parts of my body whose existence I had not suspected until I had to fill the watering bowls of 8,000 ducks.

—ROBERT CRISP

At The Races

PANGS OF WASTING

Now that the tumult and the shouting over the Autumn Double has practically died, we shall be freer to devote ourselves more seriously to this jumping business, which has been, perhaps, appositely holla'ed away by a reproduction of the immortal "Cat and Custard Pot" day with Mr. Jorrocks' hounds, by the members of a Pony Club of all things!

How children could hope to reproduce the M.F.H., let alone James Pigg, his Huntsman, who had so much drink taken, seemed to be impossible, but they did it nevertheless.

Now the always-half-starved flat-race jockey will be able to have at least one square meal a week for some months, and only a few of the N.H. lot will have occasionally to put the muzzle on. It is not very often, however, that the jump-racing jockey has to mortify the flesh to the same unpleasant degree as his brother

who rides on the flat, though sometimes it has to be done. It is always the last pound or so which takes the most doing, and as the jockey is already suffering the agonies of hunger and thirst this is understandable.

Whether, since his promotion to 'Gordon Richards' former position with the Murless stable, Lester Piggott will be allowed to take on riding over the obstacles remains to be seen. I should say that it is a shade of odds against it, since avoiding the almost inevitable falls is difficult, and he has also the task of curbing his liking for playing polo when riding races. These, however, are not going to be his principal troubles; but weight is! Gordon Richards hardly ever had to waste, but then he is small and very different in make and shape to this growing lad, Lester, who is no pigmy, but just the right cut for the ten stone steeplechase jockey.

Having had some in my youthful days, I say

that there is nothing more unpleasant and exhausting than causing the too, too solid flesh to melt, no matter which method you may adopt. The Turkish bath I always eschewed because it is not natural. Walking it off in a sweater and gloves is far better, or, if you find that dull, try fencing with an opponent who can really keep you busy. The meat safe you have to wear always seemed to help to make you melt more quickly, though the clothes likewise did their bit.

Another good trick, as I used to find, was getting into a sculling boat—a racing shell if you were sufficiently advanced—and going for a long grind or plug up the river. I think, however, that a go with the épée was usually better, though it certainly was twice as tiring. Fencing gets at a place where the fat seems fondest of collecting, and is, therefore, exactly what I am sure the doctor would order.

Riding work, of course, is also to be highly recommended, if you are light enough to be allowed to get up on a race-horse, but usually trainers are not fond of having more weight up at exercise than is absolutely necessary.

Until your back muscles are like a brace of pythons you must not believe that you are really fit, because holding a hard puller is apt to be very tiring. As to your wind, the real test is to see whether you can whistle a tune after you have pulled up.

—SABRETACHE

Middle Park Spectators

THE great autumn test of the two-year-olds at Newmarket, the Middle Park Stakes, brought racegoers from all over the country. They saw Our Babu beat Hugh Lupus, the favourite, after a most exciting race



Left: Earl and Countess Cadogan Right: Mrs. John Bailward, owner of a well-known stud at Worcester, with Mrs. K. Breedon



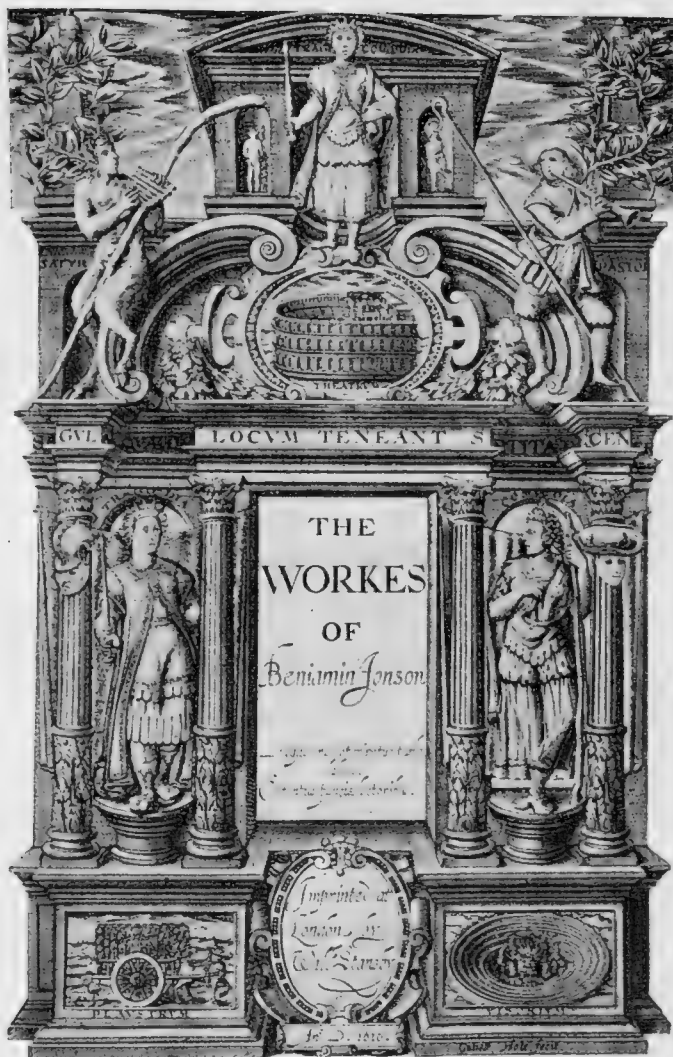
Left: Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop were discussing the favourite's chance in the Newmarket Oaks, which was won by M. Bous-sac's Pharisienne



Right: Mrs. Alec Marsh was leaving the car-park with her husband, Mr. Alec Marsh, the starter, and Mr. Clifford Nicholson

COURT DRAMATISTS of the early seventeenth century form the starting-point for the second volume of A. C. Ward's *Illustrated History of English Literature*. The title-page of Ben Jonson's *Workes* is one of the many fine plates in this book, which is published by Longmans, Green (25s.).

Book
Reviews
by
Elizabeth
Bowen



MISS STARK READS A CODE

SOME of those who trace the outlines of former cities cry: "All is vanity!"

They reflect upon the short life of man, and from that argue the futility of his creations—the august scene, the rule of order and art, the strength and the singing. Freya Stark, however, is fortified by quite another belief: to her the pavement sunken into the marsh, the column rising out of the brambles are symbols of immortality.



A GEORGIAN PORCH is one of the many delightful illustrations by Charles Mozley for *Building, The Evolution of An Industry*, which is published by Token Construction Co., Ltd., at 15s.

In this spirit she has given us *Ionia*, subtitled "A Quest" (John Murray; 30s.). In a unique sense here is an adventurous book, for it carries us not only over country but back through time.

In the autumn of 1952, Miss Stark travelled about the Western coast of Asia Minor; and counted, she tells us, at the end, fifty-five ruined sites that she had visited—cities of Ionia and Aeolis.

Here, like a manuscript of which most of the words are rubbed away, lay the record of our story, of what—trickling down slopes of time towards us by devious runnels—has made us what we are to-day. A great longing came to me to know more, and to bring a living image out of these dots and dashes of the past. More particularly, to discover what elements in that breeding ground of civilisation can still be planted to grow among us now. This then is the double search of this book—a guide-book in time, as it were, among the ruins.

THE formula for the perfect civilisation—is there any? Something seemed, still, to Miss Stark, to be given off into the air above these half-buried stones.

To catch even the echo a thousand times weakened and repeated of the authentic voice of happiness, is worth a journey. To have heard it and not to hand it on, however faintly, would be grudging indeed. I shall try, asking only this of my readers: that they believe in the forgotten rapture.

The reader is helped, for *Ionia* itself is prefaced by a Synopsis of History (may be omitted,

Miss Stark suggests, by the well-informed; but I fancy most of us will resort to it. For impossible it is, we become aware, to touch the coast of Asia Minor without hitting about 5000 years of the life of mankind, all at once. The table of dates, and map in which ancient names are printed in red beside the present-day Turkish, are not, either, to be despised).

The scope of the book—not long in itself—is vast. Yet nothing Miss Stark's eye sees or her pen touches seems far away, thanks to her genius for evocation. Herodotus was her companion on this journey; his rich discursiveness and her humour seem to have tuned in well; and other authorities she consulted give further texture to *Ionia*. Smyrna, Teos, Erythræ, Pitane, Pergamum, Cyme, Colophon, Sardis, Ephesus, Miletus, Heracleia, Aphrodisias, Hierapolis and Laodicea are among the laid-low but immortal cities whose marbles she came on, whose bounds she traced.

EROSION has changed the coastline; marsh reeds wave where once there were harbours—but the ancient trade routes may be identified; and, with them, may be the invaders' tracks. Photographs (taken by the author) show in the main how gentle Nature has been: the antique is framed in some lovely settings.

The quest is rich with adventures along the way. But changes and chances of weather, experimental transport and vociferous local curiosity (plus help) were not distracting: one feels the *Ionia* travels were completed in a sustained mood, in an uninterrupted stream of reflection. Themes pondered upon are those which, essentially, root civilisation—the poetry of living; exile and slavery; ingredients of Empire; toleration and truth; decision; the position of women; commerce and the unexpected; symbols; greatness in art; the ease of life. . . . On Oracles there are fascinating pages. Kings, captains, law-givers and merchants, poets and philosophers re-live for us. Our debt to Freya Stark was already great: how, enough, can we thank her for *Ionia*?

★ ★ ★

BEN NEVIS GOES EAST, by Compton Mackenzie (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), is everything the Chieftain's admirers might hope: one cannot say more! Seldom has West met East under more hilarious conditions—as behold, on the jacket, the contretemps with the rickshaw. How has *this* come about?

Ben Nevis, sombrely companioned by his ally Cameron of Kilwhillie (who throughout continues to fear the worst) takes ship for India, with the intention of rescuing his heir Hector from an "entanglement"—yes, the old, old story: subaltern ensnared by a charming lady upon the brink of divorce, and in other ways considered not quite the thing. Or so at least fears Rose-Ross, Hector's colonel, who posts the alarmist letter to Glenbogle. Ben Nevis, on arrival at Tallulahgabad, finds the situation grossly exaggerated—he sees no harm in the

Continued on page 256



CLASSICALLY SIMPLE, the eighteenth century's contribution to architecture is one of the many styles discussed by P. Morton Shand in his vivid account of the history of building



Masters of the Palette

by Baron

A. K. LAWRENCE, R.A., winner of a Prix de Rome scholarship in 1923, is now our most eminent painter of murals for important buildings, among them St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, the Bank of England and the County Hall, Chelmsford. He served with distinction in the Northumberland Fusiliers during World War I. and was one of the group of older students who took to serious painting, at the Royal College of Art after 1918. His mastery of fresh colour combined with a deep feeling for history and a reasonably modern approach place his murals and his paintings among the best in this tradition

Jenner's cream-coloured wool shawl with a strong Italian influence goes perfectly with the dress and would be useful, too, with a dozen different outfits. It costs 57s. 6d.

A CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

BALLROOM GLAMOUR, IN DEVONSHIRE CREAM AND ROSEBUDS



This brocade bag in gold and pink completes the outfit. It comes from Jenners, at the very reasonable price of 28s. 6d.

WITH the autumn season of parties in full swing, we have picked as our choice this week a charming and very inexpensive evening dress from Jenners of Edinburgh. Made of rayon brocade, the colour of rich Devonshire cream, it has a very full skirt and the prettiest "window-box" decolletage filled in with a mass of small pink rosebuds. At £12.7.6 we feel this is an outstandingly good dress.

by
MARIEL DEANS



FROM YOUR MOST SPECIAL LUNCHEON DATE

THE number of women (writes Mariel Deans) who really enjoy changing their clothes five times a day—or feel driven thereto by duty—must be strictly limited. Most of us, when we get out of whatever we have worn for breakfast and the morning chores or shopping expedition, want to put on something that will look right and feel good up to the time we dress for the evening



Pale, putty-coloured, extremely distinguished, Simon Massey's tree-bark velvet suit with its narrow skirt and rather long jacket can be worn with equal success to the grandest luncheon or the smallest coffee party according to its accessories. Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge have this suit in stock





To the 2.30 Matinée,
And Cocktails

Phyllis Taylor designed this simple well-cut dress of blue grey worsted. The dolman sleeves, cut in one with the gathered bodice, and the long side-front fastening, make this the easiest of dresses to wear. Debenham and Freebody have it in worsted, as photographed, and in wool crêpe

. . . FROM MIDDAY TO MOONRISE
—AND EVEN LATER



A wonderful dress-maker suit of silkiest black Venetian with Kolinsky cuffed sleeves. Notice the shaped basque drawn in to a buckled fastening at the waist. This Rima suit is sold by Harvey Nichols

THE two dresses and two suits illustrated are all charming, comfortable and formal enough to wear for a "Don't change!" evening. The hats are by Walmar

OUTFITS CANCELLING THE NEED TO CHANGE



Susan Small's delightful tortoiseshell-coloured dress of printed wool. The cuffs and waist-band are black velvet. This full-skirted, high-necked dress, as warm as toast, is stocked by Harrods



This Copeland Spode set is beautiful both in design and colour. The cigarette box is £3 2s. 10d., the ash tray 11s. 4d. and the beaker 11s. 8d. It is stocked by Fortnum & Mason

Sporting Décor

THE start of the hunting and shooting season is reflected in current merchandise. Glass and china are designed to bring the sporting atmosphere into the home, in a colourful and decorative way

—JEAN CLELAND



A dual-purpose hand-painted drinking boot that can be used for a long draught of beer, or for flowers, £6 19s. 6d. from Marshall & Snelgrove



Set of table mats with hunting scenes, and matching cocktail mats. Also from Marshall & Snelgrove, at 58s. 6d. set (large) and 25s. (small)

Jacqmar has produced this other beautiful reminder of the hunting season, a scarf with gay scenes of the meets of famous packs. It costs 89s. 6d., from Marshall & Snelgrove

The spotlight is on Reynard in this lovely fifteen-piece coffee set by Doulton. Handles resemble crops, and the knob of the pot is hunting pink. The price of the set is £15 10s. from Marshall and Snelgrove



Dennis Smith

Shopping List

THE MANY VIRTUES OF ATOMIC COFFEE

AN American visitor to this country said to me, "I know now why your people drink so much tea. I've tasted your coffee."

That was some time ago. Since then, thanks to the various machines that have come on to the market for making this stimulating and—for most of us—indispensable drink, we have improved.

One of the latest things of this kind is the "Atomic Espresso coffee machine," which seems to me to have many virtues. Based on the principle of extracting the full goodness out of the coffee by vaporization, it is very economical, and this, at a time when coffee is expensive, is worth considering. It is extremely quick, and—dependent on the heat generated—the coffee can be made and ready for drinking within three minutes.

★ ★ ★

It is supplied with a filter which strains the coffee in the process of making, and is provided with two pressure valves to guarantee absolute safety. When I tasted some coffee made by this method, I wished my American friend could have been with me to "drink" his own words. The "Espresso" machines are made in two sizes, 85s. and 90s., and can be had from most leading West End stores.

Talking of drinks, they say that if you cannot undo a screw-topped bottle you can loosen it either by banging the top on the floor or holding it under a hot tap. I have tried both methods with unhappy results. With



For the man of the family. Travelling slippers in pigskin, easily packed in matching case. They can be obtained at most Saxone shops, price 35s.

the banging, I must have banged too hard, because instead of loosening the top, I broke it.

On another occasion, when I held it under the hot tap, the water was too hot and it cracked.

Now the problem has been safely and successfully solved. For 3s. 3d. I have bought myself an "Unduit," which really does do the job in a jiffy. So far it has undone the stiffest and tightest bottle tops with no trouble at all.

All you have to do is to screw the little gadget on to the wall, put the cap of the bottle in, give it a twist, and there you are. Bourne and Hollingsworth's have it.

Weekends in the country at this time of year have their own special charm. The

scent of wood fires to greet you at the end of a day spent in the open—hunting, shooting or just walking—is inviting, and after strenuous exercise there is no greater luxury than to relax in a soft and spacious armchair.

To make the sense of contrast complete, you must first change into a pair of soft and comfortable slippers. I have just found a lovely pair of travelling ones; real pigskin in a pigskin case, for the very reasonable price of 35s. An ideal present to give to a man, they can be had at most of the Saxone Shoe Company shops.

★ ★ ★

TOP favourite these days for health, beauty and longevity is Yoghourt which, mixed with a little fruit purée, can be made into a delicious sweet. To meet the needs of those who live at a distance from the shops, a new apparatus has now come on to the market for making Yoghourt at home. An extremely simple process ensures a fresh supply, and the wherewithal to carry it out can be had for 78s. 6d. from Harrods.

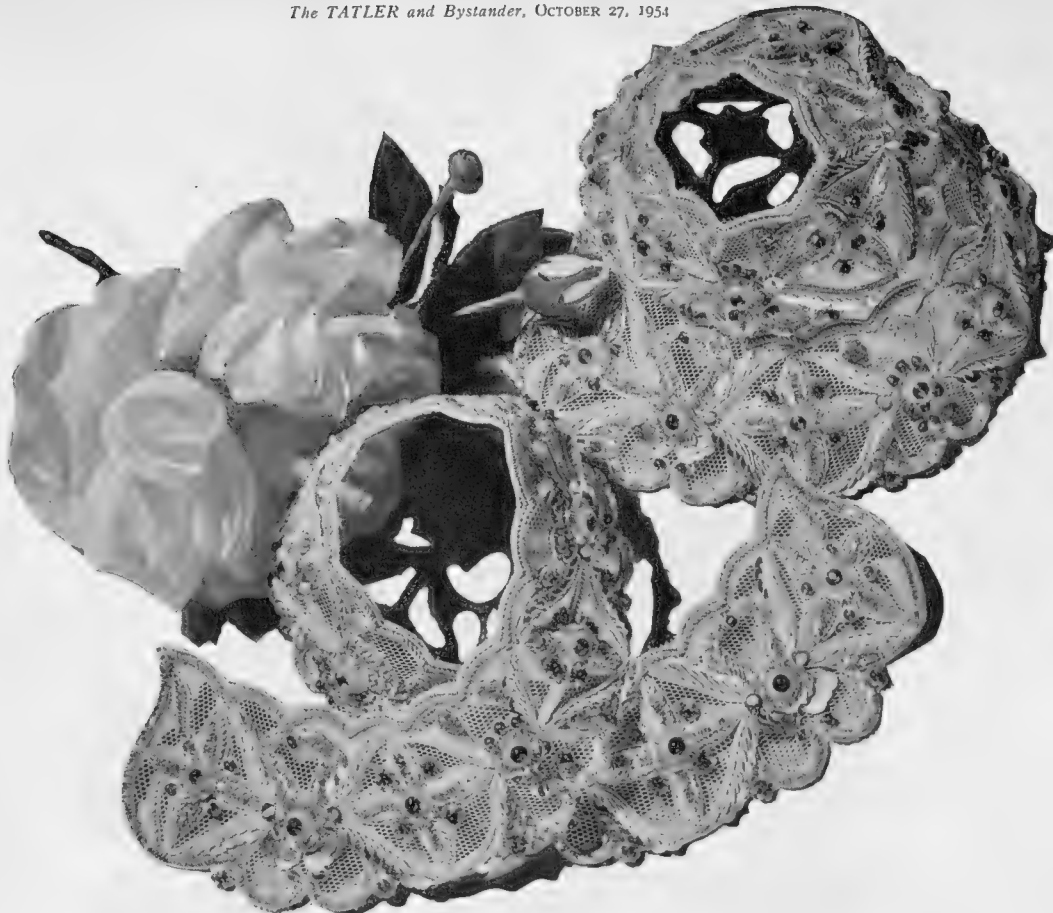


The Atomic Espresso coffee machine brews a superb drink. Made in two sizes at 85s. and 90s. it is stocked in many West End stores

These glittering ornaments for the hair can be had from the boutique of French of London, price three guineas each

Beauty

A Burnish For Autumn



WITH the leaves turning to shades of gold and copper, the tangy scent of chrysanthemums in the air and the warm welcome of firelit rooms at the end of a drizzly day, we tune in to autumn.

Saying "goodbye" to summer this year is a mere figure of speech. It is with little regret that we turn from the vicissitudes of a damp and disappointing out-of-doors season to the comfort of indoor pleasures. No longer need we shiver in thin cotton frocks trying to pretend that we enjoy picnicking with a cold wind blowing round our shoulders and a couple of mackintoshes underneath a rug to ward off colds and rheumatism. All that is past and done with.

We can now replace ice cream with crumpets, have our tea round the fire, sink into a soft arm-chair and relax with a good book, listen to the wireless, play the gramophone or look at the television.

THIS is the moment, before the autumn parties and festivities get properly under way, to give a little thought to our looks, which at this time of year are usually in need of some extra attention. Sea-bathing, combined with what little sun there was, has a drying effect on the skin, the hair and the hands, and this is intensified still further by going hatless and gloveless during the holiday season.

Let us then take stock, starting with the hair. The first step in making it glossy and getting it into "line" again is to make use of one of the excellent nourishing shampoos that are now on the market. You can get the cream variety, or an egg one (made by Hudnut) of which I spoke recently. Most of the well-known hairdressers have their own special makes, and if your hair is being done in the Salon, they will advise you as to the best one for your individual needs.

If, on the other hand, you wash your hair yourself, you can get the shampoos all ready prepared for use at home. Hair that is extra dry can be greatly improved by using a nutritive tonic or re-conditioning

preparation for a time. Failing this, a little ordinary oil massaged well in before going to bed is quite effective. I asked two of the top hair stylists which kind of oil they considered best for the purpose. One said "Almond Oil" and the other "Olive Oil," so apparently they are equally good and you can take your choice or use whichever one you happen to have handy.

Be careful not to use too much, otherwise it is difficult to wash out, and warm it first by pouring a little into a cup and standing the cup in hot water. In this way it is more easily absorbed into the scalp.

HAVING got your hair into good condition again, with a nice healthy sheen, the next step is to have it really well shaped by an expert hairdresser. If you are in need of a fresh perm, it is as well to have this first, and here I would like to give you a piece of advice. Make a point of finding out *which kind of perm* is likely to suit you best. So many people fail to do this, and are then disappointed with the result.

Next the skin, which as a result of days spent in the open, may be showing signs of small lines and wrinkles. These can be smoothed away by a few minutes' gentle massage both night and morning with a really rich skin food, one of the *extra* nutritive preparations expressly designed for the purpose.

An excellent example is Helena Rubinstein's Vitamin Lanolin Formula, which is specially useful as it can be applied with equally good effect to the neck, the face and the delicate area around the eyes.

IF the finger nails are brittle and inclined to break, this can be corrected by dipping them into a small basin containing warm olive oil, and keeping them there for five minutes or so before manicuring. To benefit them still further, apply one of the brittle-nail creams each night before going to bed. If this is done regularly for a time, you will find that they cease to break and are greatly improved.

—JEAN CLELAND





Favourable Note

M A P P I N P L A T E

The Dinner Party is over, and as the guests drive away they comment favourably on a pleasant evening, a meal well-served and a table set with obvious care and appreciation of the details of good living. Mappin Plate and Cutlery is a great source of satisfaction to hostesses who take pride in a well-set table. The good design, the balance, the craftsmanship—these qualities are not found everywhere nowadays but they are inseparable from the products of The Royal Works, Sheffield, Mappin and Webb's famous manufactory.



An interesting selection of spoons, forks, cutlery, household plate and complete canteens in a wide range of designs may be seen at our London Showrooms. Meanwhile, would you like our brochure?



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OVERSEAS: PARIS BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY

SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



Harlip
Miss Jenifer Fearnley-Whittingstall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fearnley-Whittingstall, of The Old Manor House, Melbourn, Cambridgeshire, is to marry the Hon. Rodney Berry, third son of the late Viscount Camrose, and of Viscountess Camrose, of Hackwood Park, Basingstoke



Pearl Freeman
Miss Gillian (Gilly) de Burgh, youngest daughter of the late Col. H. G. de Burgh, O.B.E., M.C., and of Mrs. de Burgh, of New Cavendish Street, W.1, is engaged to Capt. Michael Jfolliott Woodhead, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, eldest son of Capt. A. H. Woodhead, and of Mrs. V. L. Woodhead, of Mena House, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey



Fayer
Miss Prudence Jokelson, niece and ward of Mrs. Olga Wigram, of The Manor, Davies Street, London, W.1, has announced her engagement to Mr. Jeremy Faull, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Faull, of Little Chesters, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey



Yevonde
Miss Anne Hakevill-Smith, only daughter of Major-Gen. and Mrs. Hakevill-Smith, of Mary Tudor Tower, Lower Ward, Windsor Castle, will shortly marry Mr. Clavil Ross, son of Surgeon Capt. and Mrs. Campbell Ross, of Thackers, Lakeside, Cape of Good Hope

women adore **DAKS** skirts

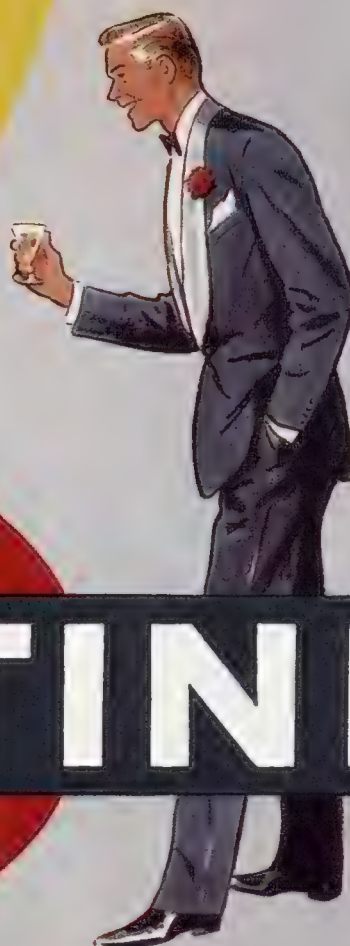


All the brilliant qualities of tailoring that have made Daks clothes internationally famous, you find in a Daks skirt. The same superb cut and hang, the same wonderful Daks waistband which holds you with such comfort and neatness, subtly transformed to beautify the feminine figure. Styles with kilt-like freedom for country and golf. Willow slim shapes for town. In superb materials such as worsteds woven specially for Daks, fine tweeds, gaberdines and barathea. And the prices are moderation itself.

In a gin and it's

better

drink



MARTINI

Good Mixers

make it this way

Two-thirds Martini Sweet

One-third Gin.

Shake or stir well with ice.

Serve with lemon peel or cherry.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review

MOFFAT THOMSON— MACTAGGART

The wedding took place at Lilliesleaf Parish Church, Roxburghshire, between Mr. David Moffat Thomson, son of the late Mr. Moffat Thomson, and of Mrs. Moffat Thomson, of Lambden, Greenlaw, and Miss Mary Claire Mactaggart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mactaggart, of Bewlie House, Lilliesleaf



Hood, Hawick

BRADSTOCK—WILSON

Mr. David Bradstock, son of Major and Mrs. Bradstock, of Yokehurst, South Chailey, Sussex, was married to Miss Philippa Wilson, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. B. A. Wilson, of Sloane Court West, London, S.W.3, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly



DODDS—DAVIES

At All Souls', Langham Place, Capt. Ralph J. Dodds, 13/18th Royal Hussars (Q.M.O.), son of Sir Charles and Lady Dodds, of Park Street, W.1, married Miss Marion Davies, daughter of Sir Daniel and Lady Davies, of Wimpole Street, London, W.1

WINGFIELD—HILL

Mr. Charles Talbot Rhys Wingfield, Coldstream Guards, son of Col. and Mrs. M. E. G. Wingfield, of Barrington Park, Great Barrington, Oxfordshire, and the Hon. Cynthia Meriel Hill, daughter of Lord and Lady Sandys, of Ombersley Court and Himbleton Manor, Worcs, were married at St. Andrew's Church, Ombersley, Worcestershire



THE WESTMINSTER is a completely new high-performance saloon introduced by Austin at the Motor Show. This speedy and beautifully appointed six-cylinder car replaces, at a lower cost, the well-known Hereford

MOTORING

Oliver Stewart



New Transmission may Make History

PREDICTIONS so boldly made by Mr. A. B. Waring, President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, before the Motor Show opened were justified in the event. The new models did indeed outnumber those seen at any previous Motor Show since the war, but I hardly feel that it is true to say that the main emphasis is upon the very small, economical machines.

The attempt to reach forward into really high performance with production cars, as evidenced by Jaguar, Mercedes and Austin-Healey, is at least as notable a feature of this year's exhibition and there is always the effort to give something new in the way of transmission systems. Overdrives are widely distributed and we have a genuine piece of original development in the Lanchester Sprite.

It combines technical novelty and traditional development. It is a motorcar with what might be called a conventional chassis and engine, but with a new automatic transmission which incorporates points of the greatest interest and importance. Some years ago, at the time of the Motor Show, I drew attention to the basic advantages of the Hobbs transmission, and I expressed the fervent hope that a British manufacturer would have the courage to adopt it and to fit it as standard.

My hope has been fulfilled. And now we shall be able to see just how much the theoretical advantages of the Hobbs gear mean. Briefly these are concerned with the direct mechanical linkage of the gear, through clutches and epicyclic trains, and with its hydraulic mode of operation. Criticisms of American automatic transmissions have been directed mainly at the losses that occur through

the employment of torque converters or else at the idling drag that may occur when there are fluid couplings. Neither criticism can apply to the Hobbs transmission.

The consequence is that it is reasonable to expect that this transmission may have less effect on the economy of the whole car and may eliminate the creep that sometimes occurs with other transmissions. It will certainly be quiet, especially when idling, for then no gear trains are operating. In short, the Lanchester Company deserves praise for its decision to fit the Hobbs transmission to the Sprite. I hope and believe that the British public will respond massively to this offer of a comparatively low priced car with fully automatic transmission. With tax the price is not much more than £1,000.

THAT historic event, the Exide luncheon, marks annually the opening of the Motor Show. No doubt the Chloride people would be horrified to think that anybody, during that lavish and friendly meal, thought about the comparative crudities of such things as motorcar batteries. But the fact is that the Chloride people have introduced their "silver" Exide battery and offer a two-year unconditional guarantee. Battery makers, in fact, are showing the confidence they feel that there really have been basic improvements in the batteries themselves and especially in their capacity to stand lengthy periods of service without giving trouble.

There are hosts of other electrical matters I would like to touch upon. For instance Vauxhall have introduced an automatic fuse-box. There is nothing new in the idea; but few cars fit it as standard. It consists in a fuse-box in which the fuses break the circuit just as would an ordinary piece of fuse wire when

overloaded; but after a pause for heat dissipation the circuit is automatically re-made. Only if there is a genuine source of trouble in the circuit will the fuse keep on blowing.

I promised the other week that I would report upon the new tubeless tyres. I have had a set fitted to my car by the Dunlop people and I watched the fitting process. The fitting is considered by the Dunlop experts to be simpler than with ordinary tyre and tube, but the fact is that certain precautions must be taken, a fact that will need to be inculcated upon garage mechanics. There is little doubt that the tubeless tyre is going to oust the inner tube-plus-cover, if only because it does indeed hold the air pressure for longer periods.

CHECKING tyre pressures may be a trivial service but it is a nuisance, and drivers who are busy are inclined to omit the tyre pressure checks at the intervals laid down by the makers. With the tubeless tyre one could safely go for a couple of months without making a pressure check although this is not recommended. For the fitting process the wheels are taken off and carefully cleaned on the insides of the rims. It is important that welding points should be perfectly smooth and that rivets should be in proper condition. The tubeless tyre is then put on the rim in the ordinary way, and if a pressure air line is available the tyre can often be forced into position simply by air pressure. Sometimes the tyre fails to seal. Then all that is needed is a simple technique with a piece of cord.

AFTER the tyre has been inflated it is tested in a tank under water with special reference to the perfection of the seal round the rim and at the valve. After that the whole wheel is balanced—and Dunlop's regard the proper balancing of the wheels as important, since it has such influence on tyre wear.

As I mentioned before, I propose to report fully on these tyres after I have put in a reasonably high mileage on them, but as they are a feature of this year's Motor Show I felt it useful to make these preliminary remarks. They indicate that there is nothing "queer" about the new tyres and that the fitting process is quick and certain.



Christian Dior model in Emba Cerulean sapphire mutation mink

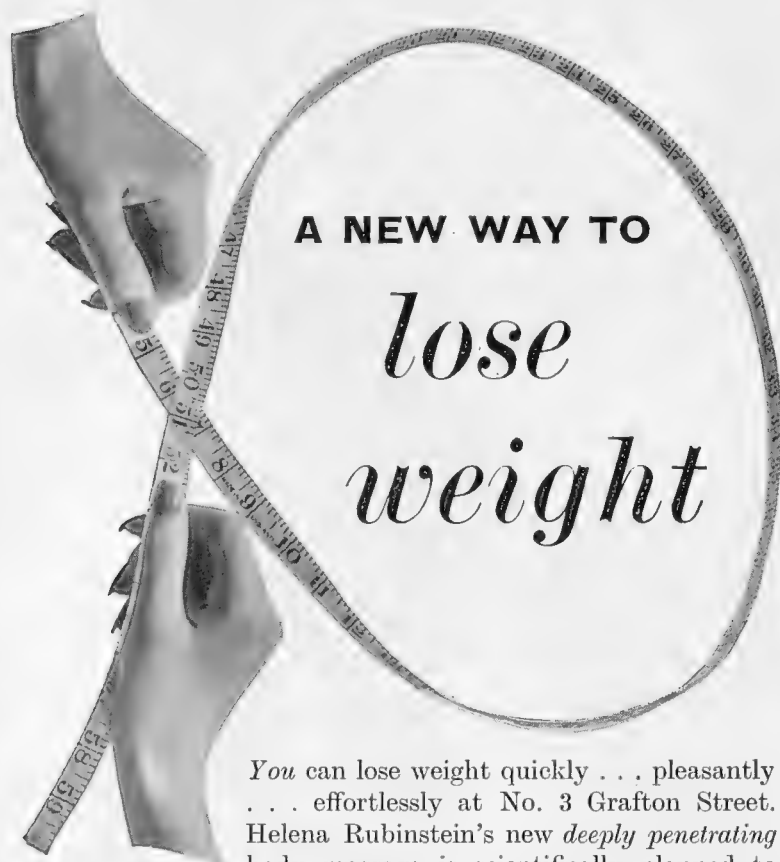
furs designed by

Christian DIOR

and made by **Debenham & Freebody**

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You can lose weight quickly . . . pleasantly . . . effortlessly at No. 3 Grafton Street. Helena Rubinstein's new *deeply penetrating* body massage is scientifically planned to remove excess flesh in the right places. Whilst the outer skin is firmed and braced, fatty tissues on back, arms, diaphragm and ankles are whittled away. After just a few treatments you'll be taking tucks in your waistband! You'll *feel* far fitter — *look* years younger.

NEW massage method firms facial muscles

And now — to match your new young figure — a new *young* face! Helena Rubinstein's special *new* facial massage firms and lifts delicate muscles in the danger areas of throat, eyes and chin. You relax in comfort, while skilful fingers smooth away expression lines and tone tender tissues. You'll emerge refreshed — and rejuvenated!

Tip your hair with COLOUR

Yes! Coloured tips for hair. It's the gay new vogue that's turning heads these autumn days in Grafton Street. Here at No. 3 you'll find experts who learned the science of tipping from Paris where it was born. Let them create a fresh, exciting, absolutely *individual* effect for your hair. They can. What's more they'll show you how—with Helena Rubinstein's amazing new Color-Tone Shampoos and Color-Tint Rinses—you can get similar colour effects on your own. Come to No. 3 Grafton Street where they exercise a very special flair for hair.



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for your appointment*

*

Helena Rubinstein LONDON PARIS NEW YORK



BAMBI LOVED PEOPLE and was not afraid of them. Reared by a Danish family, she later brought her fawns back to stay with her foster parents. The unusual story of *A Deer In The Family* is told by John Hartmann and published by Michael Joseph at 5s.

Books (Continuing from page 238)

Crisis of the Lost Sporrán

little lady; who platonically all but acquires him! She would do anything for him but marry Hector; having for long, alas, had other ideas.

Released from paternal duty, bored at Tallulahgabad, Ben Nevis (mistressfully shadowed by Kilwhillie) goes for Christmas to the hill station, Pippla. Mrs. Winstanley (the charmer) and her friend, the unlucky-in-love Miss Lambert, are of the party: all enter the circle of Ben Nevis's former Harrov friend, the Maharajah of Bangapatum. The princely guest suite proves more congenial than the hotel, where a monkey had made off with Kilwhillie's sporrán. (The sporrán crisis on p. 103 should be read three times, if you can see for laughing.) Mrs. Winstanley's romance with the other, glamorous Maharajah, Tussore, shapes like an Indian Love Lyric, though a proper one.

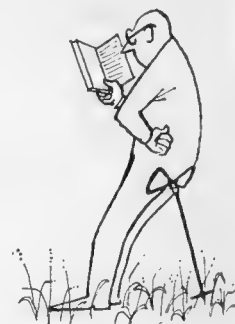
This is majestic, non-stop, authentic fooling, of the kind Sir Compton commands as few living can. And where will Ben Nevis go next, one would like to know?

* * *

MODERN marriage, with its difficult equipoise, is a novelist's subject—if there ever was one! Nor has the novelist been slow to probe into the hurting heart of the conflict. There are, in my opinion, some "marriage novels" which cloud the issue, or give a distorted view—better unread, perhaps best of all unwritten. But Gerald Sykes's *THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE* (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.) is a perceptive, temperate, civilized piece of work—Mr. Sykes's first novel, *The Wise American*, attracted notice some years ago: here again he shows (as one critic said) "the presence of an adult mind."

Carlotta, the wife, is beautiful, middle-aged and an actress; her husband, David, is a scientist, whose increasing fame she resents—sometimes consciously, sometimes not. His return to her, at the end of the war, had not made her so happy as she expected—a sinister, unexplained accident had resulted. Now, when our story opens, David has been abroad, engaged upon vital postwar research. An unexpected telephone call announces him back again, in the neighbourhood. The effect upon Carlotta's weekend guests is disturbing. Mr. Sykes makes the reader perceive the truth—Carlotta's dominance over her world is threatened. The son of the marriage, Pete, holds in contempt the "riff-raff" with which his mother prefers to surround herself.

From this develops the story. David's character, fine and beautifully drawn, undeniably dominates from now on: quite against his desire—for he adores his wife. As for her, she resents her own love for him. Is she a monster? The step she all but takes could not but show her to be one. The author exposes in his Carlotta feminine need for notice at its most terrifying: perhaps he has done so to point his moral? For there exist, I fancy, minor Carlottas—that is, less extreme Carlottas—these "career-woman" days, in more than one home. *The Centre Of The Stage*, as you may perceive, is a novel well pointed by its title.



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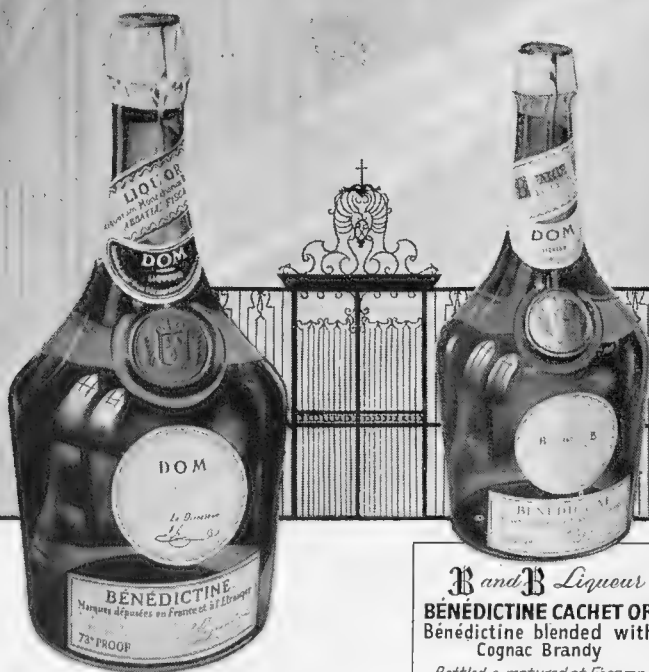
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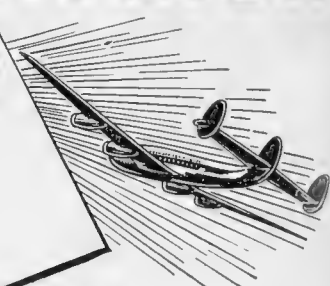
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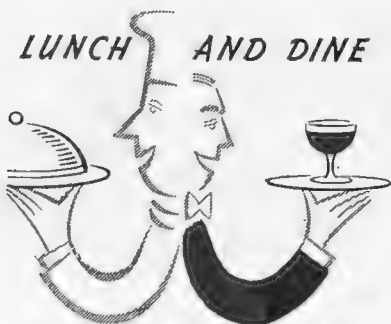
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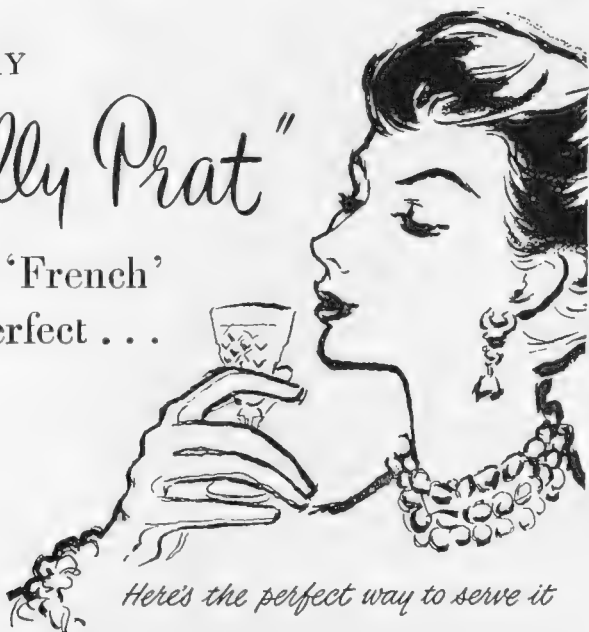
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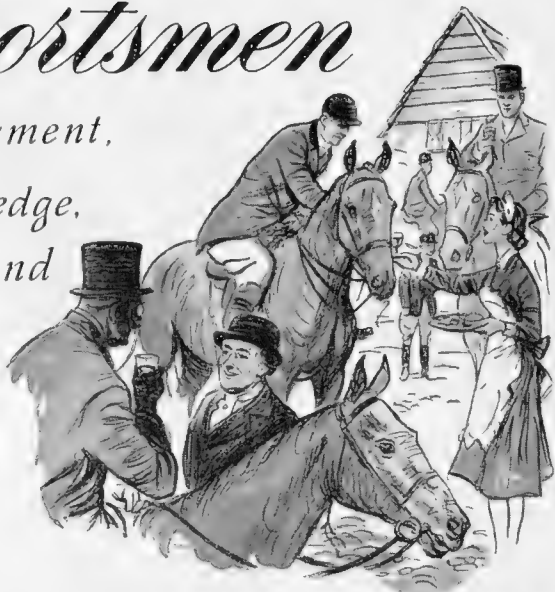
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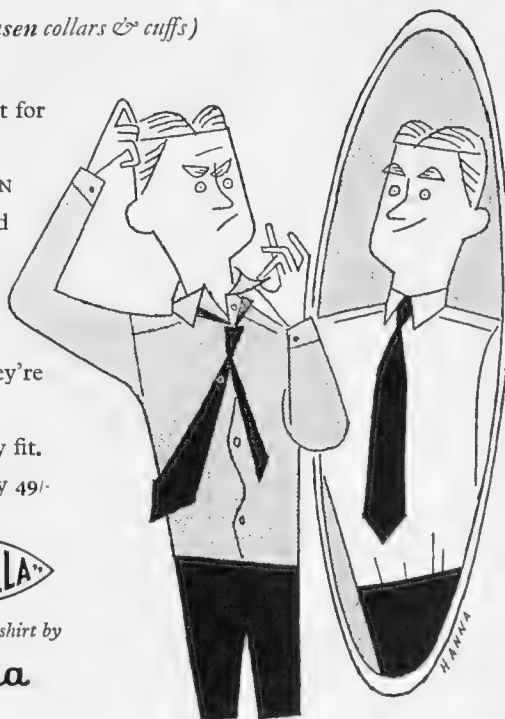
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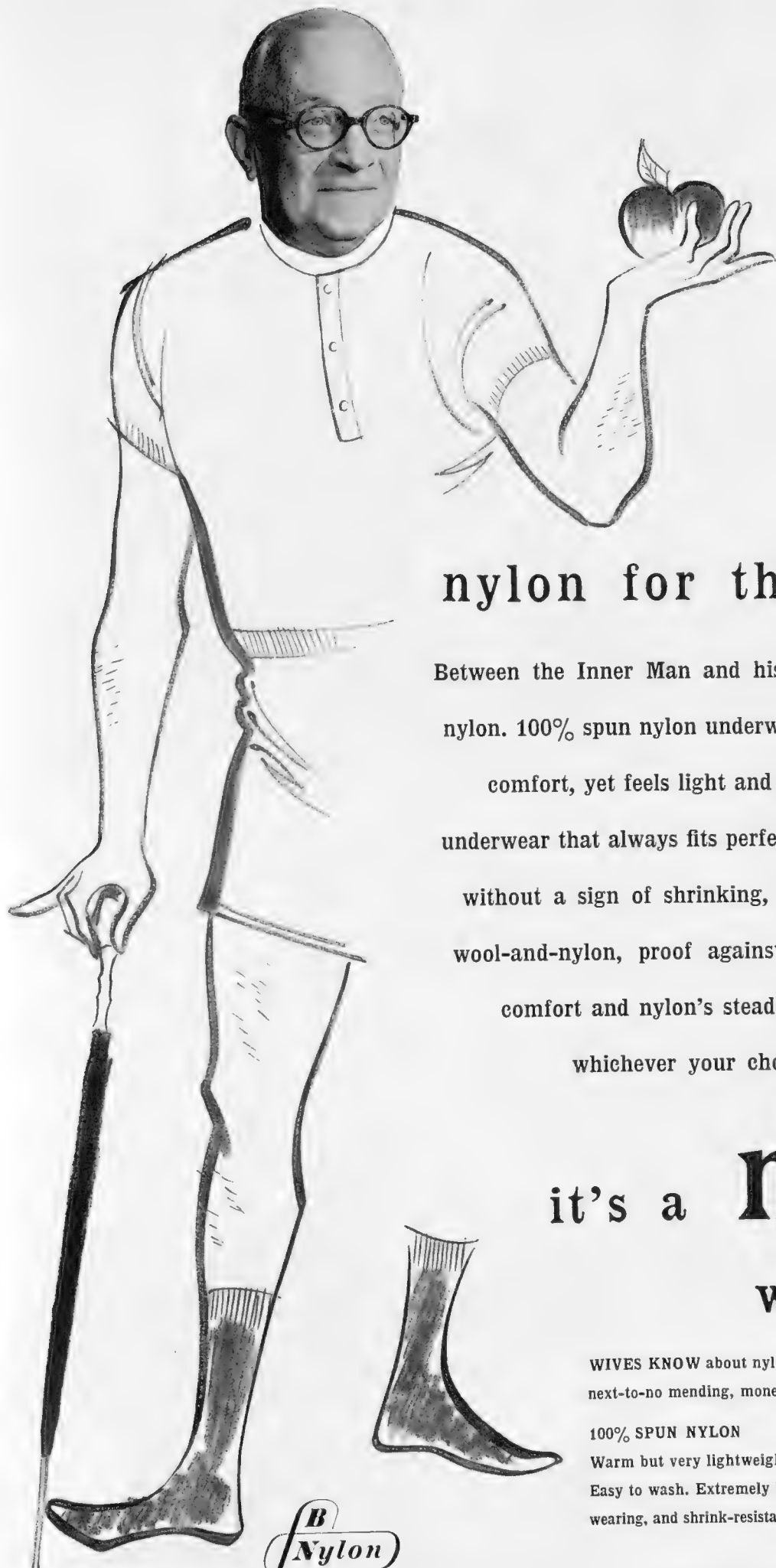
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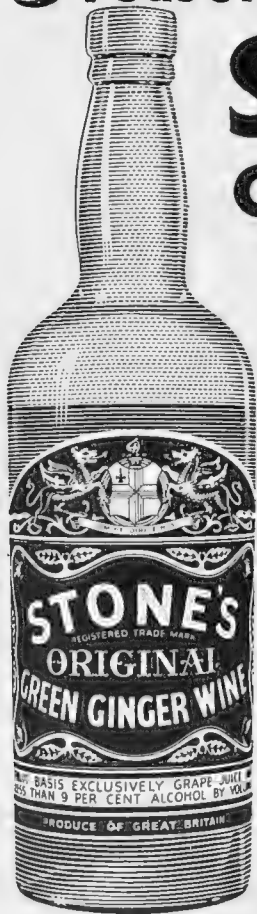
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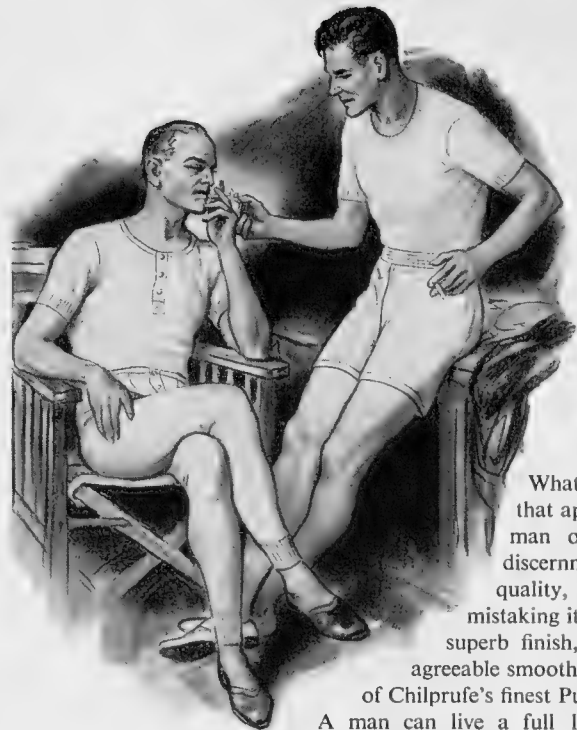
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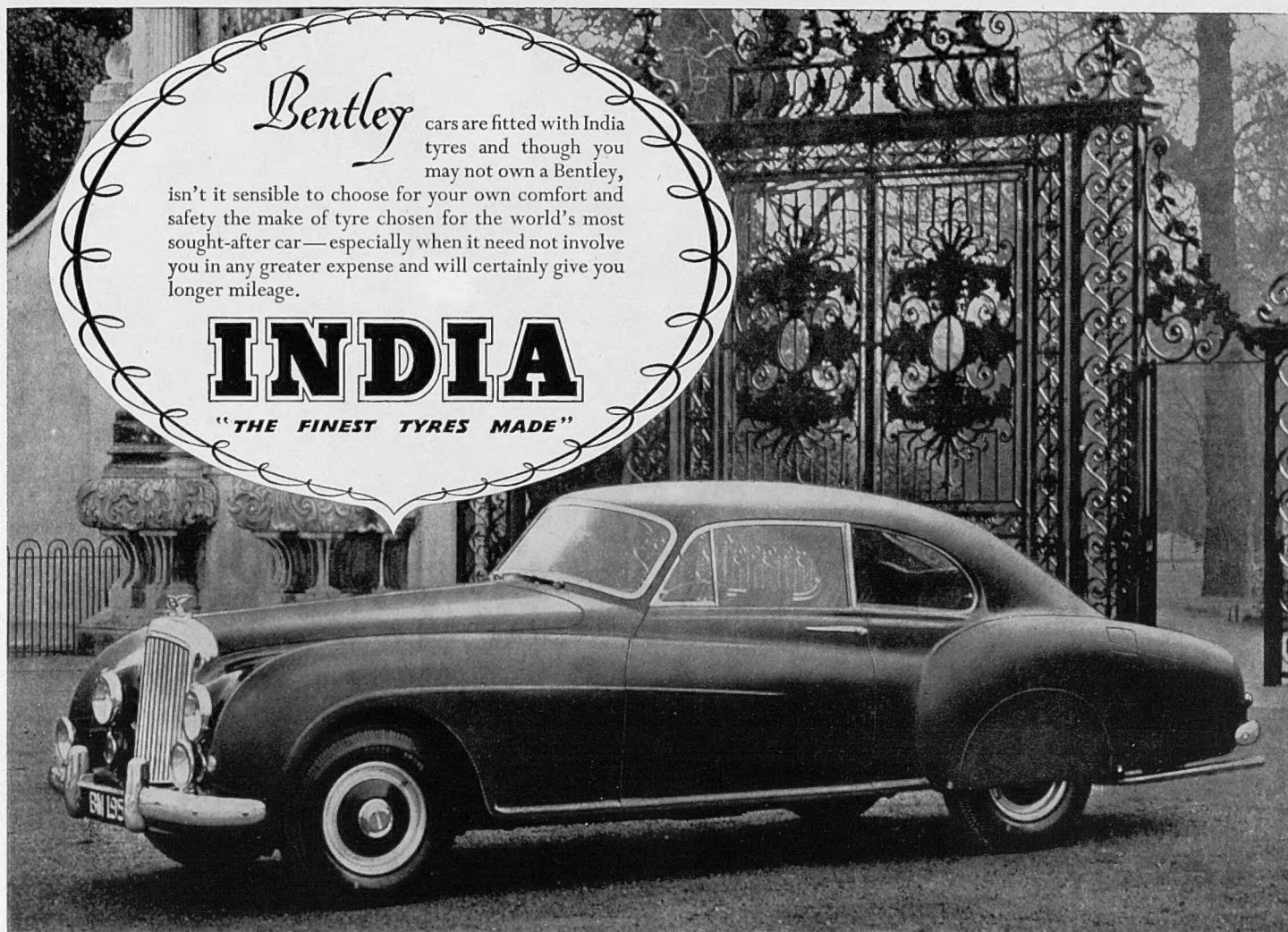
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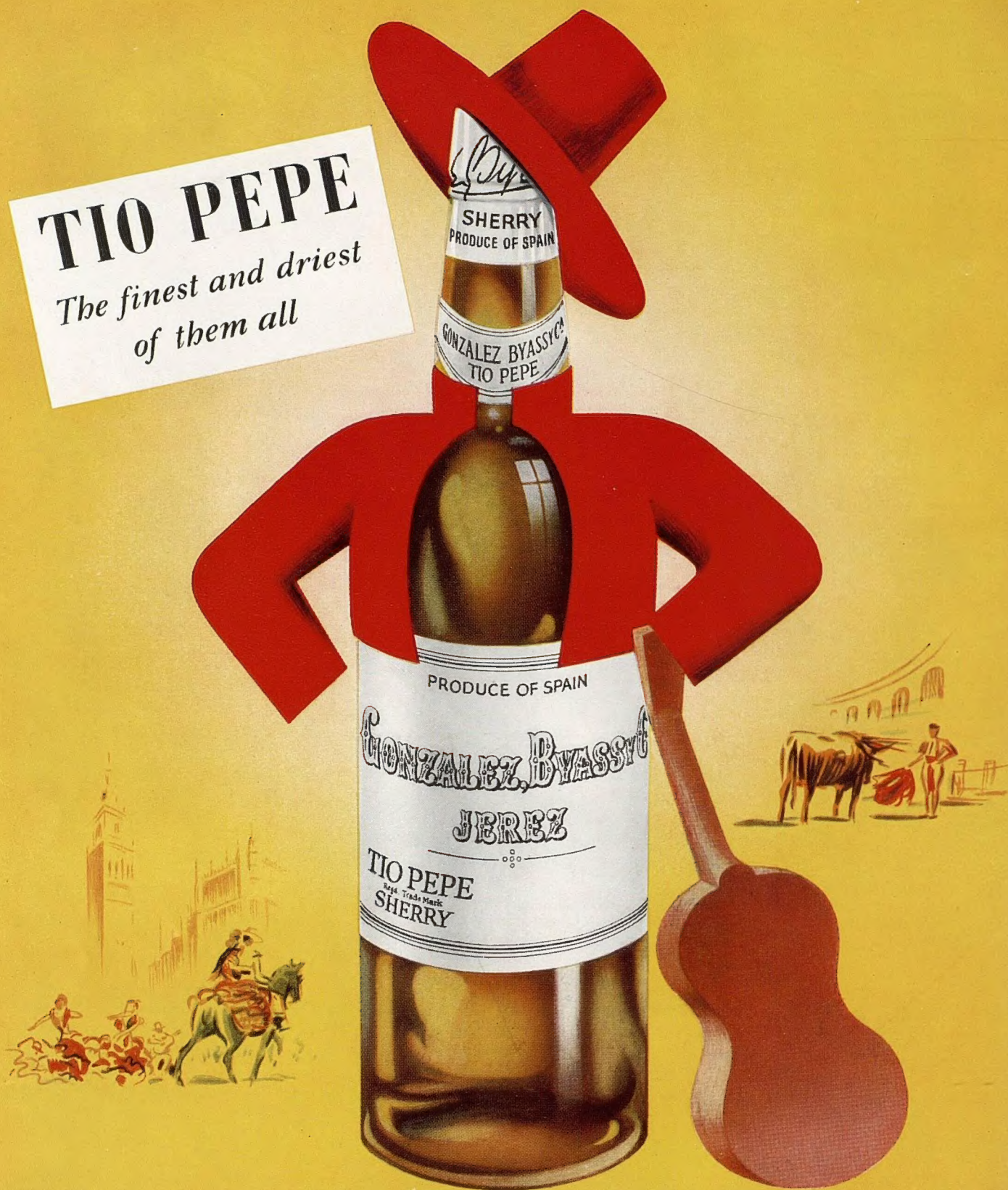
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